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THE

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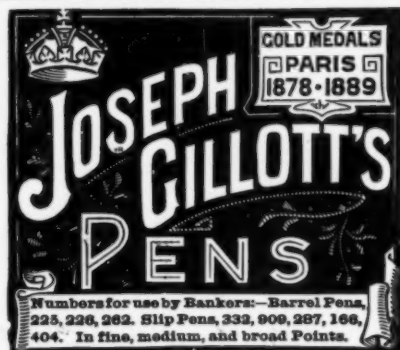
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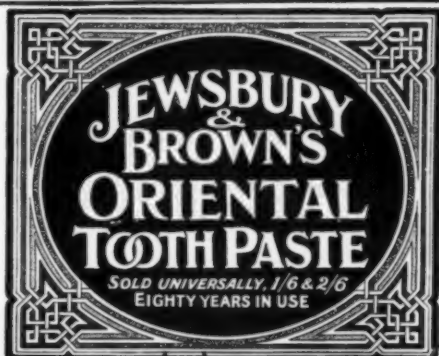
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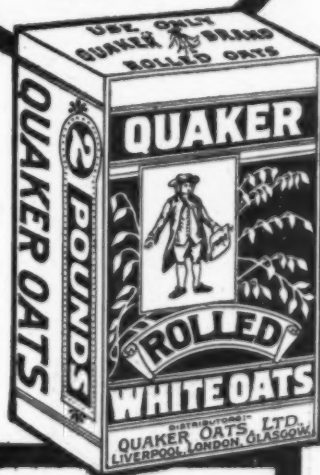
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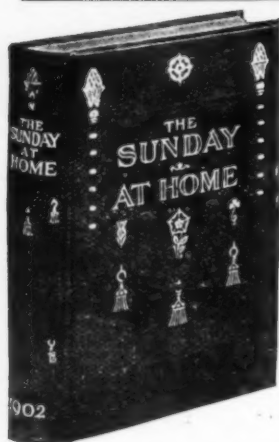
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"THE INTRIGUERS."

The Story of a Jacobite Plot.

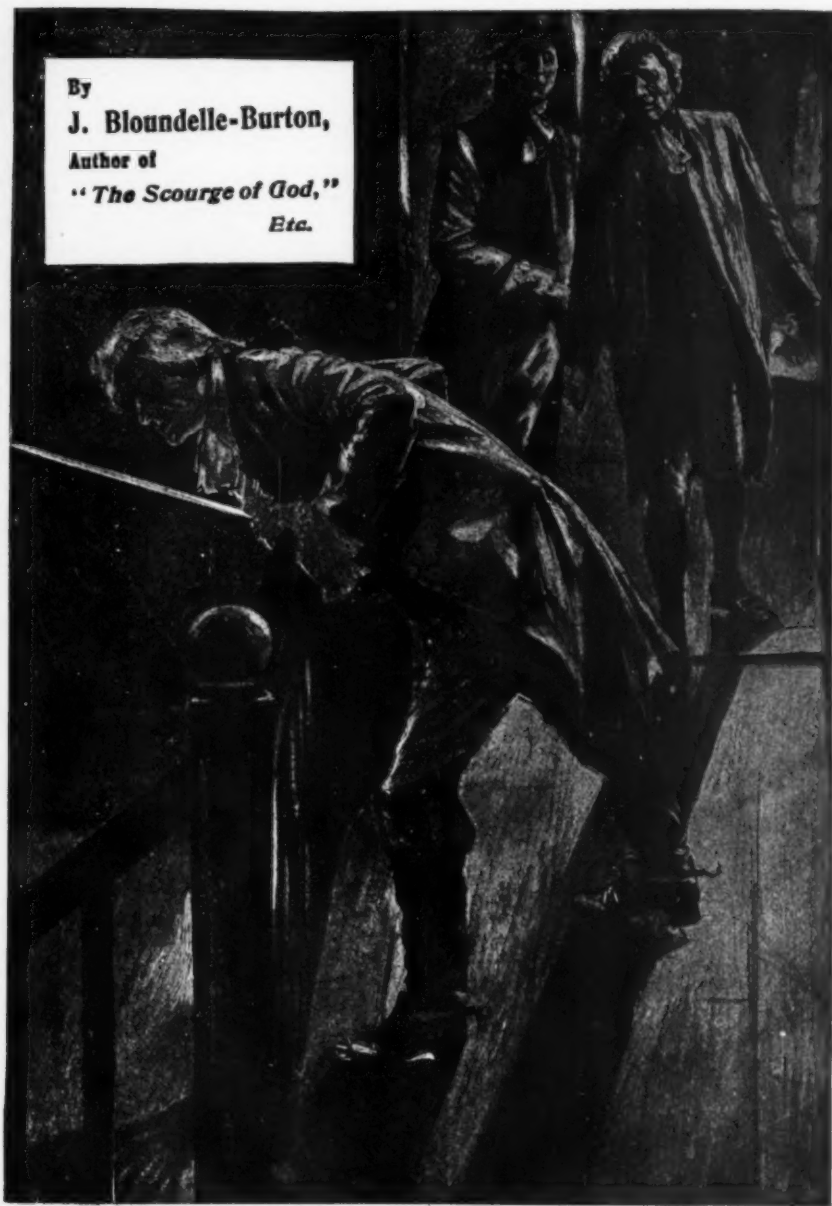
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"Ha!" he whispered hoarsely, "A woman creeps down the stairs."

(Please see next page.)

We give the following EXTRACTS from the opening chapters
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"THE INTRIGUERS,"

which commences in THE LEISURE HOUR for November.

When the Story Begins.

For, see now—as you who read shall observe—of what a strange plexus was that web woven which enmeshed for some time the lives and hopes and loves of Rupert Frayne and Rosamund Welby; of what different strands it was composed, and of how, itself an instrument used by the hands of Fate, it required Fate's greatest enemy, Good Fortune, to at last rend it so that it fell torn and harmless to the ground.

For who could have imagined how, around the existence and aspirations of that young man and that still younger maiden, such diverse factors as those to be mentioned below would each and all combine to exert a baneful influence—each being unknown to the other—and each tending, though in opposition, to work woe and misery.

Let us regard those factors as they came into existence at the end of August, in the year of our Lord, 1714.

The first, though the most indirect among those factors, was the King of England, George I., who upon the recent death of Queen Anne, had, by the Act of Succession—passed by King William and the late Queen for the exclusion of all Catholic princes from the English throne—himself succeeded to that throne. Nor, since in no Roman Catholic country is a Protestant prince permitted to reign, it was not strange that neither of those late monarchs were willing to see the Crown of a Protestant country pass to a Romish prince as it must have passed to such a one: viz., James, Francis, Edward Stuart, Chevalier de St. George, and the son of the late King James II., had it not been for that Act of Succession. And it was owing to the departure of the above illustrious personage from Herrenhausen to London that arose those events which led to the sorrows and troubles of the two principal persons in this narrative. As you who read shall also see.

The Conspirators talk about their Plans.

"There is no haste. When will the king and his son set out?"

"To-morrow, the 31st of August. Thence he goes to Utrecht, and from there to the Hague. Let us hear," said Monsieur Gachette to Leicester North, "the papers of instruction again."

Whereon the young man so addressed, after turning over several of the documents lying upon the table, picked up one and commenced to read from it—

"They, father and son, quit Herrenhausen to-morrow night. It is thought they will stay three or four days at Utrecht. Thence they go to the Hague. There, after audience with foreign ministers, they will embark on, 'tis considered likely, either the *Peregrine* or *Mary*, and, escorted by Lord Berkeley's fleet, proceed to England."

"Such," he said, as he concluded, "are the plans."

"The plans," said Gachette, "as communicated to you by Doramont" (he mentioning the sobriquet used to denote a well-known nobleman in England) "and written down by you."

"As communicated by Doramont and written down by me," assented Leicester North, placing the paper on the table again.

"So!" exclaimed Starbuck, picking it up directly afterwards and perusing it for his

own satisfaction. "So! Now—'tis my part to upset those plans."

"Is the train laid?" asked Gachette, his eyes upon the other.

"As far as can be. At Arnheim, at Munster, at Osnabrück our men are gathered thick as autumn leaves, or vultures round a carcase. If he, if they—father and son—pass Osnabrück in safety, then those of our party who are there follow on behind, so that 'twixt that spot and Munster they, the travellers, have their enemies—their executioners!—to the front and rear of them. While, again, if they escape even there, and proceed to Arnheim, so, too, they have in front of them those who wait at that town, with, behind them always, the double companies of Munster and Osnabrück. If, when I have fired the train they are not taken off, and the Chevalier comes not to his own again, call me a wretched bungler."

A Woman is Listening.

But his sentence was not concluded. For, even as he delivered his parable, Leicester North had sprung from his seat and, cat-like in his motions, was creeping towards the door, a strange intense light in his eyes as he glanced round significantly at the other men.

"It is there again," he motioned with his lips more than whispered through them, "it is there again. It is listening through the keyhole, stooping down to do so. I heard its knees crack."

"So did I," cried Starbuck, taking no pains now to deaden his voice and lunging forth once more his pistol, while, with the other hand, he snatched up his long rapier from the side of a chair against which it had been reposing. "So did I. And I will trap it." Whereon he rushed at the door, cursed the key for bungling in the lock, and at last got the former wide open.

But again there was no living creature outside on the landing.

Once more he railed at the rustiness of the key as he peered round, seeing nothing; then, suddenly, he pryed eagerly over the balustrade and down into the well of the stairs towards where the taper glimmered on the bracket; his head bent above into the empty space, and his hands clutching the rail on either side of him—while behind at the open door the white faces of the other two men looked forth, they being illuminated by the lamp from within the room.

"Ha!" he whispered hoarsely, a moment later. "A woman creeps down the stairs—"

"A woman!" murmured those two behind him. "A woman!"

"Ay, a woman. She passes now the bracket lamp, keeping close to it as though its rays should not fall on her face. Yet, confusion seize her! she shows no face. She is enveloped in a long riding-cloak and hood, the colour of phloxot-russet—"

"Phloxot-russet!" almost wailed Leicester North. "She! She!"

"You know her," said Gachette, seizing North's arm, while his fingers gripped it like a vice. "You know her. Who is she?"

"Ay," said Starbuck, coming back into the room, while on his countenance there was now a look terrible to see. "Who is she—she who, if she has heard all, holds our lives in her hands when we return to England?"

"Rosamund Welby," North murmured through white lips. "Heaven help us all! it is she!"

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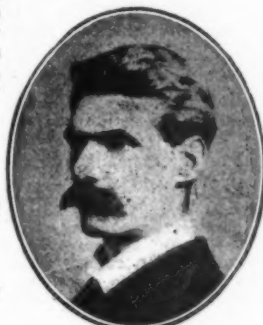
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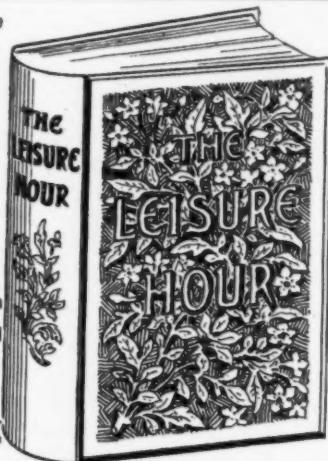
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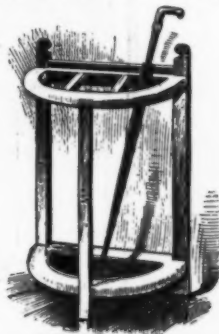
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THE LEISURE HOUR.

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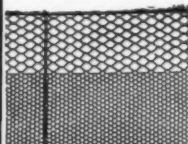
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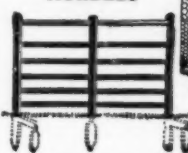
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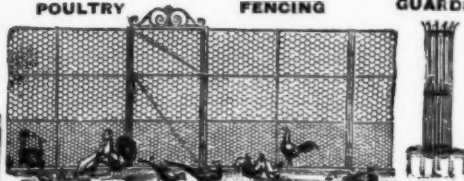


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A RAINY DAY

From the picture by A. W. Cooper in the Royal Academy, 1900

A Golden Vignette

BY ALAN TRAQUHAIR

PARCHMENT, red tape, and dust were the most pronounced features of the chambers of the well-known City lawyers, Messrs. Jones and Strange; and they seemed to be typical, to the mind of the latest client of the firm, of what had become of the plans he had formed so gaily and confidently only a year before.

The head of the firm, Mr. Jones, now told him in the most cold-blooded, matter-of-fact, business tones that he saw no way to help him. In consideration for the introduction he brought from his greatly respected friend, Mr. Waring, he had given the matter his closest attention, and the conclusion he had arrived at was that it was either too soon or too late.

Philip Steele had been following, with the chill of coming doom, the deliberate, carefully-worded, unsympathetic sentences, wondering the while whether it was possible the solicitor himself was made of parchment and fed on deeds.

"You mean?" he said, as Mr. Jones paused, after delivering himself of his enigmatical verdict.

"I mean," he proceeded, with the condescension of explaining matters to a novice, "that you are too soon to proceed with the flotation of a company when you have no working profits to show, to induce the public to take an interest in the undertaking; or, on the other hand, if you have no more money, then, as you did not form a limited liability company at the outset, you are too late to take any step for your protection, and you must bear the full brunt of the storm."

"But," said Steele, desperately, "the concern is good, and will pay."

"That is only a possibility—a probability, under your management. The public wants a certainty. The public will not speculate to the extent of starting your business for you."

"But all the initial expenditure has been borne. The ground is fully prepared, and the works have only to keep their head up for a year and all will go well."

"You must remember, my dear sir," said the lawyer, "that for the sake of the last advances you found necessary you

pledged all your available assets to the bank."

"That is so. I did not anticipate that so much time would be occupied. That wretched strike upset my calculations."

"No doubt. We all make miscalculations now and then. But you see that you are in this position: you have an undertaking not already established in public favour, and you need money to go on. You can offer no security. The friends upon whom you relied will not take the risk. I therefore cannot see how you are to go on; and my advice to you is to go back, call your creditors together, and if necessary file your petition."

"What!" shouted Steele, springing to his feet with eyes blazing, "and bring disgrace upon my name and family?"

It was the first time such an end to his difficulties had ever been breathed to this young man, so eager, so sanguine. His friends had shrunk from conveying so much as a hint to him; Mr. Waring had sent him to Mr. Jones as the best way of getting to know the real state of affairs.

But even Mr. Jones, accustomed as he was to the every-day tragedies of City life, was alarmed at the effect of his words upon Philip Steele, whose face flushed crimson and then turned to a deathly pallor.

"Tut, tut, man," he said, fidgeting. "It is done every day; and, bless me, better men than you have had to go through the mill."

Steele turned away, his head bowed. All the hope seemed to have been struck out of him. The lawyer waited. He had not quite expected this. So many young men came jauntily to him, and he rather liked to "put them through their facings," as he termed it. But—How much did this young man want? Twenty thousand pounds! It was a large order.

Steele faced him again.

"Good-bye, Mr. Jones," he said, holding out his hand. "If hell is paved with good intentions, so has been my road to ruin."

When he had gone, the lawyer did a curious thing. He took from his breast-pocket a morocco case, and, opening it,

walked to the window. It disclosed two figures—that of a young man of twenty-five and that of a girl of twenty. Brother and sister, evidently.

"Poor Harold," said Mr. Jones, in a voice that had grown very soft, "if he had only lived!"



For a full minute he stood gazing out of the window; then he closed the case reverently, returned it to his pocket, and sat down again in his chair. His work had lost interest for him. His mind was

"WHAT!" SHOUTED STEELE, "AND BRING DISGRACE UPON MY NAME AND FAMILY?"

A Golden Vignette

occupied by a pale, stony face, in which the zest of life had been quenched. The afternoon crept on, and the shadows came closing in.

Philip Steele stumbled into the street. The air revived him, but the champing of the horses' feet as he passed up Cheapside had a churning effect in his brain, whirling as it was with the prospect before him. Raising his head above the hurrying crowd, he saw for one instant against the clouds the picture of his mother's home.

And this was the end, he thought, of all his desperate efforts. Ruin for himself and for those he loved! Surely Fate could not be so cruel!

The strain of the long battle had been telling sorely upon him, but while hope remained his spirit had been sustained above its strength. Now he felt his weakness. His feet dragged; his mind felt numb.

An exclamation startled him. Looking down, he found himself gazing into the face of a young girl who had started back in alarm, her eyes fixed with an expression of intense sympathy upon his face. He smiled half-reassuringly, and the girl with a quick sigh passed on, leaving a little golden vignette, a sweet face exquisitely framed, in the memory of Philip Steele. Few possess that gift of sympathy where the thought of self never enters, but these few are certainly flowers that cheer the weary traveller.

Puzzled to know the cause of the girl's alarm, he paused for a moment at a mirror in a shop doorway. Could that be Philip Steele? A ghastly face, with dark rings round the eyes, stared back at him. His shoulders were bent as if with age. He leaned heavily on his stick.

"What did it matter now?" he asked himself bitterly. He had failed; the world would soon know it, to condemn or to sneer, heedless, perhaps knowing nothing, of the superhuman efforts he had made to avert disaster and snatch victory even at the last. Misfortune had dogged his steps; everything had gone wrong; enemies, ruthless in their jealousy, had arisen. His ruin had meant their triumph, and in their desire to gloat over his downfall they cared nothing for the misery it would entail.

The thought of all that coming misery swept like a surge over his brain as he raised his eyes once more to the sky in a half-appealing way, which was his habit in times of difficulty.

Then it was his turn to start, and remain transfixed while his eye took in the picture, symbolic, as it seemed to his mind, of the future.

There above him towered St. Paul's. The vast dome, leaden in hue, appeared like the top of a huge globe, mysterious and portentous. Heavy banks of cloud massed to the right and the left and above. But immediately behind the cross, on the summit of the cathedral, a rift was cleft, itself a cross in shape; and through this rift, gradually spreading into a vista of golden glory, streamed the rays of the setting sun, driving back, like sullen battalions under defeat, the clouds which had pressed so gloomily, and then sweeping down over the dome to the street below, and beaming kindly into the eyes of Philip Steele.

The omen was good. His faith revived. His lips parted with a smile of hope, and, squaring his shoulders, he marched resolutely on.

* * * * *

"Father, are you alone?"

The girlish voice sounded strangely in Mr. Jones's office, and the lawyer started from his reverie.

"Yes, Nellie, come in." And the next instant his neck was encircled, while two lips pressed out a wrinkle.

"Oh, I am so glad I found you in. I got quite a start as I was coming along. I had been thinking about Harold, and I just happened to raise my eyes when I thought I saw him, looking exactly as he was before he fell ill."

The lawyer nodded, and began tapping his desk restlessly.

"It was a poor young man," his daughter continued, "who seemed to have such a world of trouble, and I nearly cried out when I saw the resemblance."

"Yes, very curious, very curious indeed," said Mr. Jones absently. "I never saw anything so remarkable."

"Then you have seen him—you know him," exclaimed the girl excitedly.

"I think I do."

"And you know his trouble?"

"Yes."

"Then, oh, help him, daddy! Help him; I know you can."

"Would you like me to do so, Nellie? Remember, you have just caught a glimpse of this man in the street. You know nothing about him. He may be worthless."

A Golden Vignette

"Never, father! I'm sure he is not. I *know* he is not! There!"

"Why?"

"Because—well, because I'm a woman. And I would trust a woman's instinct better than my father's wisdom in such a matter. Besides, you dear old thing," Nellie added, perching on the arm of her father's chair, and nestling up against

him, "I believe you agree with me all the time."

"Well, I'll think about it."

"That's right, daddy; and I won't let you forget about it, or that face will haunt me. Will you be ready to go home with me in half-an-hour?"

"Quite ready, dear."

And with a bright smile Nellie went off, while more than one clerk in the outer office let his thoughts go straying after her.

The lawyer fumbled on his desk for some minutes.

"Ah! here it is," he said, as he picked up a letter. "Staying at the Melville."

Then he took a telegraph-form, and sent a message to "Philip Steele, Melville Hotel."

Thus it happened, half-an-hour later, when Mr. Jones and his daughter were making their way home, Philip Steele had his packing operations arrested by a telegram, which ran—

"Call to-morrow at eleven. Client will help."

For twelve months the name of that client was a mystery. But before the year was out Philip Steele, by means of the timely help, had made his mark, and was in a fair way to make his fortune. The old lawyer and he were firm friends, and the only point upon which they differed was the necessity for still maintaining secrecy



"I BELIEVE YOU AGREE WITH ME ALL THE TIME"

A Golden Vignette

respecting the source from which the money came.

"All in good time," said Mr. Jones with a chuckle. "Go ahead!"

Philip Steele went ahead in earnest. He was no sluggard in business, and soon he proved that he was no laggard in love.

"That is my 'golden vignette,'" he said to the lawyer one day, as he passed from the waiting-room into his office, from which Miss Jones had hastily tripped, leaving a tingling sensation of a smile and a blush.

"That is my daughter!" said the more practical man of the law.

Then Philip explained while Mr. Jones listened with a twinkling eye; and explained all over again, with much more detail, when he had Miss Jones for an auditor.

And it so happened that when Philip, growing bolder, asked that he might carry

the original of his "golden vignette" in his heart for ever, Nellie in her happiness did not say him nay.

But not until he had again stood beneath the cross of St. Paul's, now in the full glory of love, and the lawyer, in giving away his daughter, had got a son, did Mr. Jones think fit to reveal his secret.

When the last of the wedding guests had departed, he once more addressed a telegram to "Philip Steele"; and all night long the aged butler wondered what had put his master into such jovial spirits, beginning with that peculiar toast of his, "To the best of all clients," and winding up with fits of silent laughter as he smoked his pipe in the library.

But his son-in-law knew and appreciated the joke.

"The name of my client," the telegram read, "is the best of all clients, Mrs. Philip Steele."



GATHERING STORM, WALLENSSEE

Photo by G. R. Ballance

Personal Forces in Religious Journalism

BY DAVID WILLIAMSON

II

"J. B." of *The Christian World*

THE Rev. Jonathan Brierley, B.A., who as "J. B." has been guide, philosopher, and friend for many a year to thousands of readers of *The Christian World*, is one of the many instances in which ill-health has diverted the pathway from the pulpit into another and not less influential direction. When Mr. Brierley was compelled to give up his pastorate at Balham, by reason of a breakdown in health, he had no idea of becoming one of those leaders in the world of religious thought who have done quite as good work by the pen as eloquent preachers have accomplished by the voice. If he had not had his "forty days in the wilderness" of weakness and disappointment, he would have not been able to help so many souls into a nearer and clearer view of the why and wherefore of suffering; if he had continued as a pastor he would have exercised at the best only a tithe of the far-reaching influence which now he exerts over the great and varied circle of readers of *The Christian World*. And so he and others have been permitted to understand some of the reasons why, in God's Providence, his plans were to some extent thwarted and the ministry for which he had prepared was changed in its form. "There are some riddles that we puzzle out, some few. Of the greater number God only knows the answer."

"How did you first begin your series of articles?" I asked Mr. Brierley the other day.

"As you know, I had to leave England to recover my health about 1886. I went to Neuchâtel, surely as congenial a place for the student as there is in Europe. Though there are only about thirteen thousand inhabitants, there are over one hundred thousand volumes in its public library, and splendid rare manuscripts like Rousseau's available for study. I remember asking the librarian to be allowed to copy parts of a valuable manuscript, and he at once urged me to take it home with me! I would not accept the risk, but that will show you what confidence they repose in students. I look back with the utmost pleasure on my

stay in Switzerland, which extended over four years. I met those remarkable men the Godets, and others who were, as they were, true scholars. In a theological library to which I had access, and which was full of the works of Continental scholars, I asked where the British theology was? The librarian replied, 'But I did not know there was a British theology!' Well, in after years, I have been quite as much surprised to find out how little knowledge of theology our own clergy in this country possess. I believe there are far more lay readers of newly-published theological works than there are ministerial readers. I cannot forget a vicar remarking to me, after we had been discussing what might be termed the 'commonplaces' of theology in its modern trend, 'What a flood of light you have thrown upon subjects of which I knew nothing!' The Swiss are to-day largely materialistic, but Neuchâtel was an oasis of religious feeling as well as of scholarly light and leading. Some of the choicest souls I have ever met were among the friends I made in that fine old town. Now as to my articles. I wrote a short series of articles on Free Church ideas when I was abroad, and sent them to *The Christian World*, where they appeared. Then I sent what Mr. Clarke called a 'meditative' article of the type which has since continued. One of them, I remember, was entitled 'The Dangerous Years,' and Mr. Clarke told me that James Payn had been so interested in it that he had sent to find out the writer's name. I signed then, as I have since signed, the articles with my initials 'J. B.,' and for a long time hardly any one knew who was the writer. Mr. Clarke at last expressed a wish that I should contribute an article every week, besides reviewing various books, and eventually I returned to England in better health to take up this new work. Ever since, with perhaps four weeks' absence from the columns of the paper in a year, I have been writing these articles in *The Christian World*."

"Do you have much difficulty in finding a theme every week?"

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"No. Topics in various stages of incubation are lying generally in the background. On Thursday I usually have a run on my cycle into some country place, and very often a new subject comes to my mind while I am riding. It is curious how by unconscious cerebration a theme which at first seemed to have no roads through it opens out later quite easily. Reading will suggest a hopeful subject sometimes, but in my own experience I have found the best ideas come when you least expect them. A phrase seizes your imagination as a good title, and from that point various lines of thought seem to crowd in upon you. The good title is often half the battle. I want to suggest, rather than exhaust a subject; to lead the way, rather than go the whole journey. It would be impossible to do more in the space than outline a theme; one's readers must fill in the picture. One is forced sometimes upon a theme by the preoccupation of the public about some great event, such as the recent volcanic eruption in the West Indies. You cannot forecast in advance articles of this kind. They must be written out of the heat of the moment, and before the public has been distracted by something else. That is why comments on events in monthly journals are usually so hopelessly out of date, and even as regards a weekly paper, a theme which is uppermost in your mind on Friday may have been shunted into the background by Monday."

"I suppose you receive a large number of letters from readers of your articles?"

"Yes, I get a good number of confidences, some of them very pathetic. It is wonderful how many people there are in the world who seem to value the privilege of simply telling their troubles to some one who they feel will sympathise. The mere act of

writing about their difficulties is, I believe, helpful to many; and it is certainly helpful, or ought to be, to the one who receives such confidences, for he learns what a variety of mental pain there is in the world. One of my greatest rewards as a writer is in the host of letters I receive from all parts of the world expressive of gratitude and appreciation. There are, of course, less satisfactory letters, enclosing impossible manuscripts which the senders think you can place at once with a publisher; and there are the argumentative letters, and the angry letters

which say that, after reading the paper for twenty years, they are so disgusted with a certain article that they will never look at the paper again. It is surprising what a wide range of mind and belief one seems to touch. I heard that the followers of Chunder Sen were printing some of my articles in their organ; and about the same time, as if to redress the theological balance, the editor of a Methodist magazine in America wrote for permission to reproduce some of them in his pages. Spiritualists, theists, theosophists, have in turn seen in the articles a confirmation of their views, but they end, I fear, in being disap-

pointed in me! People become annoyed when a piece of truth which they have regarded as their own special perquisite is claimed as common to us all."

Mr. Brierley has published in volume form three selections from his meditative articles in *The Christian World*, and one of these volumes is being translated into German at the present time. The third edition of *Studies of the Soul* is almost exhausted, and a new volume, *Ourselves and the Universe*, was issued recently. Mr. Brierley is an omnivorous reader on religion and philosophy, and knows the German school of thought particularly well. He is well



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REV. J. BRIERLEY, B.A. ("J. B.")

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content to preach each week from the printed page, although occasionally he is induced to take part of the service in a church, as in the old days before he laid down the pastoral office. I think he would subscribe to the fine words of Steele, who wrote, "Knowledge of books is like that sort of lantern which hides him who carries it, and serves only to pass through secret and gloomy paths of his own; but in the possession of a man of business it is as a torch in the hand of one who is willing and able to show those who are bewildered the way which leads to prosperity and welfare." May he long hold the torch and lighten the dark caverns of perplexing thought!

"Lorna" of *The British Weekly*

To many thousands of readers of *The British Weekly* the contributions signed by "Lorna" are every week among the most attractive features of that splendid newspaper. They have such an intimate note of cheerful interest in the affairs of life, that whether "Lorna" writes about the latest fashion or interviews a celebrity, reviews a novel or describes a national event, her readers are equally well pleased. If I were analysing the secret of her popularity I think I should say that her great gift of observation, coupled with a keen sense of what is interesting, have had much to do with her undoubted success. Much that is not signed "Lorna" is from her pen, and her journalistic activity is not restricted to the pages of *The British Weekly*, as readers of *The Woman at Home* and *The British Monthly* are aware. But it is as "Lorna" that I want to include her in this gallery of personal forces in religious journalism.

If you ask Miss Jane T. Stoddart what led her into journalism, she will tell you that when she was quite young she had a desire to write, and this desire was cultivated under the helpful guidance of Dr. Robertson Nicoll, who was then the minister of the church which she attended. How impossible it would have been to have prophesied that the minister would have in years to come one of the most influential pulpits in the land, and that the girl who at the age of thirteen was "trying to write" would be his valued helper! To Dr. Nicoll's inspiring and educative instruction Miss Stoddart is the first to acknowledge she owes more than can be stated adequately. She did not come direct from school into journalism, or at all events not as a scholar; she had a

year or two of teaching after she had been studying in Germany, and then she came up to London. It was in 1891 that she joined the staff of *The British Weekly*, so that she has now accomplished ten years of service on that newspaper. She chose the pseudonym "Lorna" at haphazard, possibly from a recollection of Mr. Blackmore's story *Lorna Doone*. At first she wrote a column for women over this signature, but as years have passed we have grown accustomed to see the familiar name at the end of interviews, reviews, and all kinds of other articles. "It has been hard work," says Miss Stoddart, "but it has been happy work." For one thing, it has brought her into contact with many celebrated men and women of the day; for another thing, it has linked her with a great public of loyal readers; and for a third—ought I not to have put this first?—it has given her that which is the greatest satisfaction a journalist can have—the pleasure of serving a chief who is a master of his profession.

The best tribute to Miss Stoddart is that which was paid by Dr. Nicoll, who said, "Her help has been invaluable, and her hand has been in every part of the journal. . . . She has been the most helpful and loyal of coadjutors, and, as my letters show, no contributor is more appreciated by our readers." These handsome compliments, coming from one who has had unique opportunity of judging the work of Miss Stoddart, express, as it were, the "inside" opinion held regarding "Lorna." The "outside" opinion could be learned by applying to almost any regular reader of *The British Weekly*. I happened to be speaking to one of the cleverest men in England, and noticing that the paper lay on his study table, I ventured to ask what he specially liked in *The British Weekly*. "Well," he said, "I expect you will be amused to hear that I generally turn first of all to 'Lorna's' contributions, especially if they are interviews." I have noticed again and again how Miss Stoddart will manage somehow or other to draw fresh and interesting matter from people who have been interviewed previously with disappointing results. Yet she confessed to me that she was glad that interviews were less popular. "Interviewing is nervous work," she said, "and though I have sometimes come away from an interview really uplifted by a conversation with some influential or magnetic personality, I have been as frequently disappointed with my own failure to draw forth

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good copy." I asked her who was the subject of her first interview. "Dr. Lunn," was the reply, "and I felt excessively nervous in undertaking a form of journalistic work which was quite new to me. I remember Dr. Lunn had a phonograph from which Mr. Gladstone's voice sounded forth with an unearthly effect. I have never taken down replies in shorthand, as some interviewers do. Once a well-known statesman rather frightened me by saying at the end of our conversation, 'Now, please will you read aloud all that I have said.' I persuaded him to wait until I could write it out. There are arguments founded on such an experience in favour of writing shorthand, and I think if I had my time over again I should learn shorthand. I was recommended not to learn it at the outset of my work, because it was said to check original writing, and tended to make one a mere reporter."

"What would be some of the advice you would give to women aspiring to be journalists?"

"Get a good general education to begin with, and widen it continually by reading and by hearing. Take a catholic interest in everything around you, and take trouble to master any question which comes up. Girls must have the instinct for journalism in them before they try to write; it is not enough, as some seem to suppose, to 'want' to write. The best journalists are those who cannot help being journalists. History was a subject emphasised in my education, and I am very thankful it was. Often girls at the high schools now-a-days are taught history in the most careless fashion, but a journalist

must know history. Then, may I say that I have found a knowledge of French and German exceedingly useful, not only in travelling about, but in ordinary work? I would, above all things, advise women to take care of their health if they want to make a success of journalism, or, indeed, of any work. It is just as regards health that so many break down, and often at the most critical moment in their career. The other day I tried to persuade a lady editor

who was looking thoroughly ill to take more care of her health. She told me she only had bread-and-butter for breakfast and biscuits for lunch. It is impossible for any worker to keep up her strength on that sort of diet. I must not forget to mention that my chief has been most kind to me in the way of holidays, and I cannot help feeling that a good holiday is never thrown away on a writer. You are sure to light on some new experience or unearth some interesting person. Let it be frankly admitted that journalism tends to restrict ordinary social life; it does that most certainly,

if one is really keen on one's work. You lose a good many friends in a place like London for want of time and strength to visit them. But one's work is so interesting in itself that there are compensations. Another disadvantage which I have found is that it prevents one from engaging in active Christian work, though it is a consolation to think that filling columns of a religious newspaper may be as useful as taking a class in a Sunday school. I like to think of *The British Weekly* as a church in which there is room for many workers."



Photo by

MISS STODDART ("LORNA")

Lafayette

Some Notable Fireworks

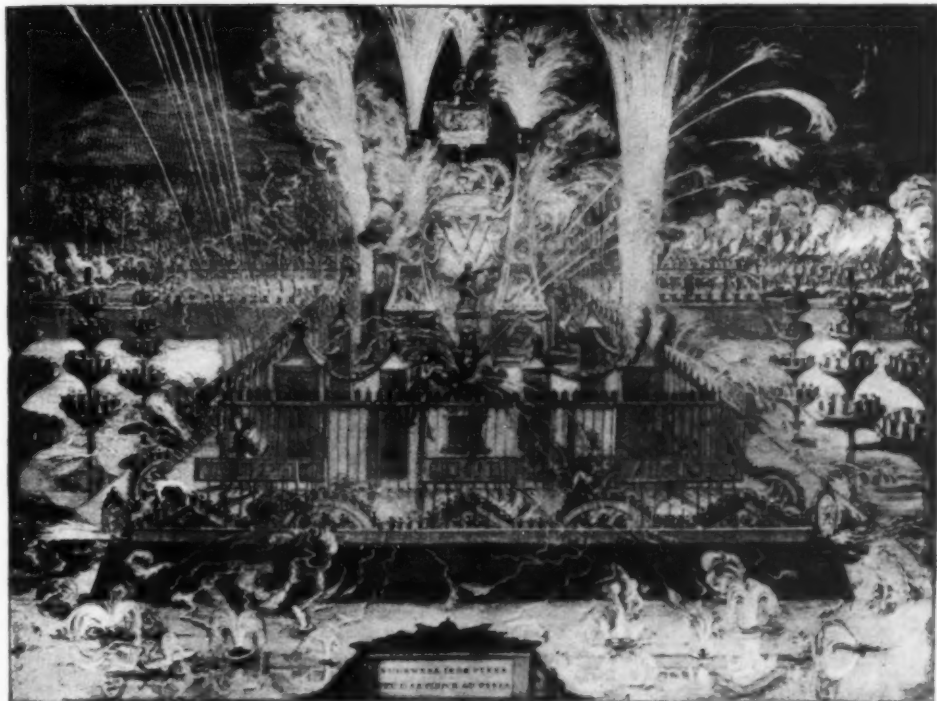
A Series of Photographs from the Augustin Rischgitz Collection

A Representation of the FIREWORKS upon the River of Thames, over against WHITEHALL, at their Majesties CORONATION A. 1685.

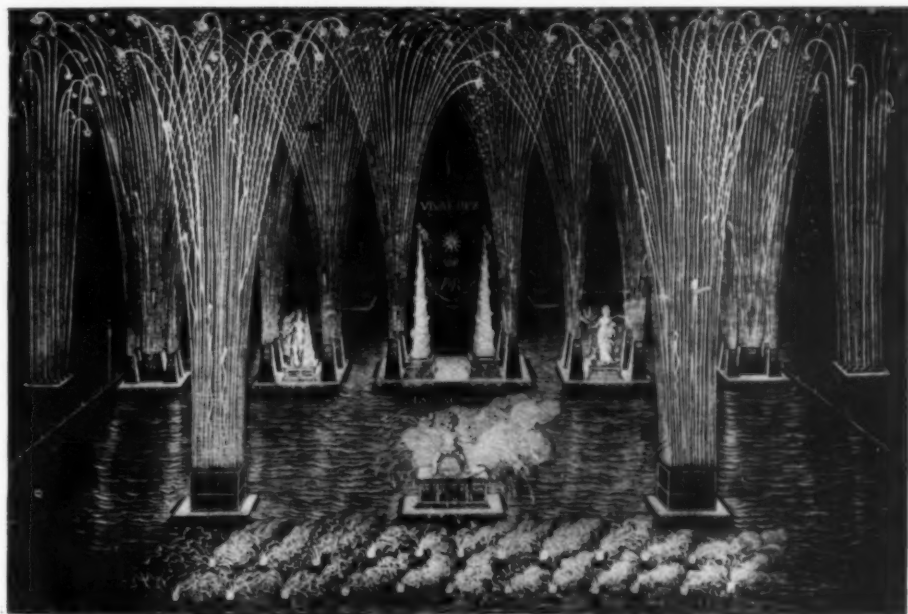


FIREWORKS ON THE THAMES OFF WHITEHALL IN CELEBRATION OF THE
CORONATION OF JAMES II., 1685

Some Notable Fireworks

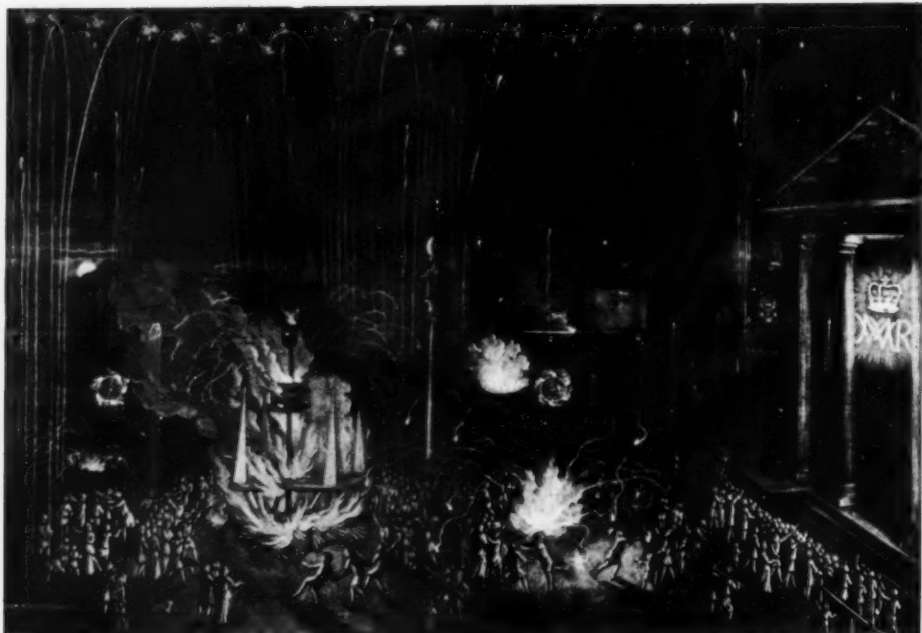


FIREWORKS ON THE THAMES TO CELEBRATE THE RECEPTION OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE IN LONDON, 1688

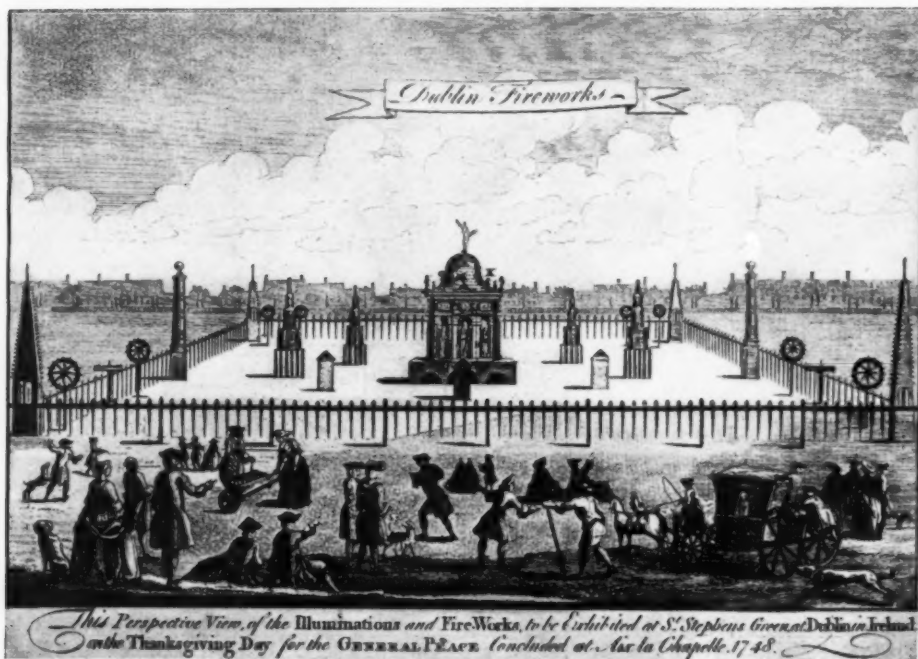


FIREWORKS ON THE THAMES, JUNE 17, 1688, IN CELEBRATION OF THE BIRTH OF A SON TO JAMES II., KNOWN TO FAME FIRST AS THE PRINCE OF WALES AND AFTERWARDS AS THE OLD PRETENDER

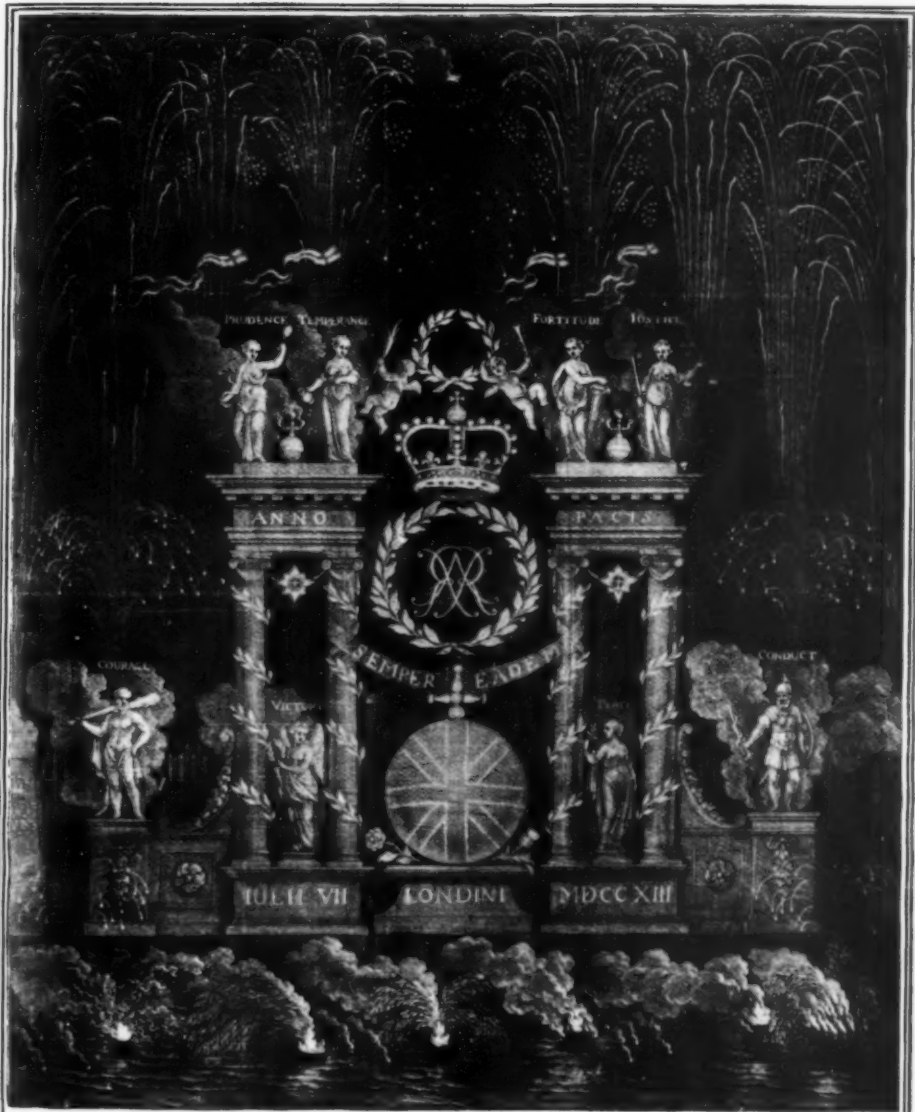
Some Notable Fireworks



FIREWORK DISPLAY IN COVENT GARDEN TO CELEBRATE THE VICTORIOUS RETURN OF
WILLIAM III. FROM IRELAND, SEPTEMBER 10, 1690

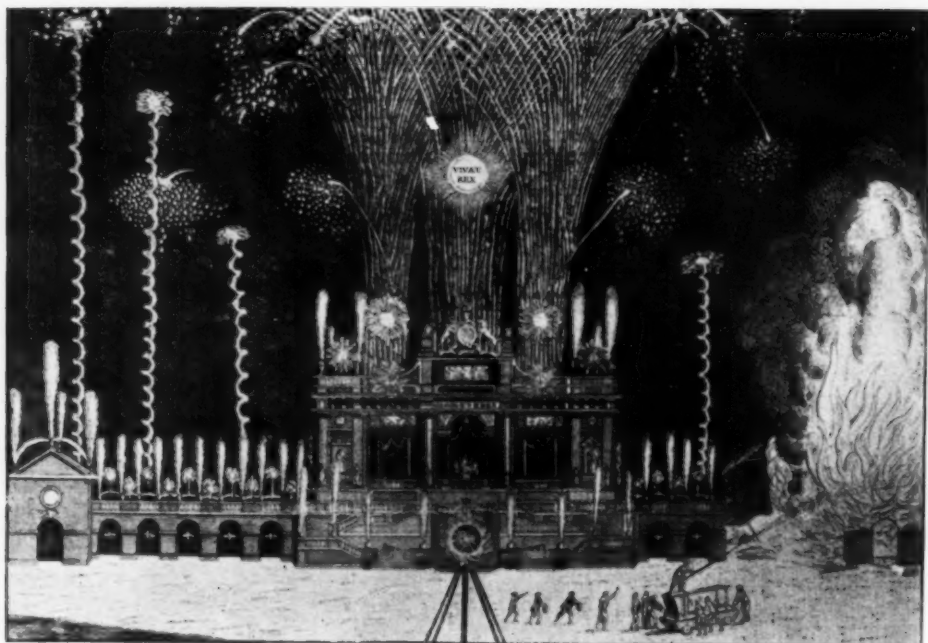


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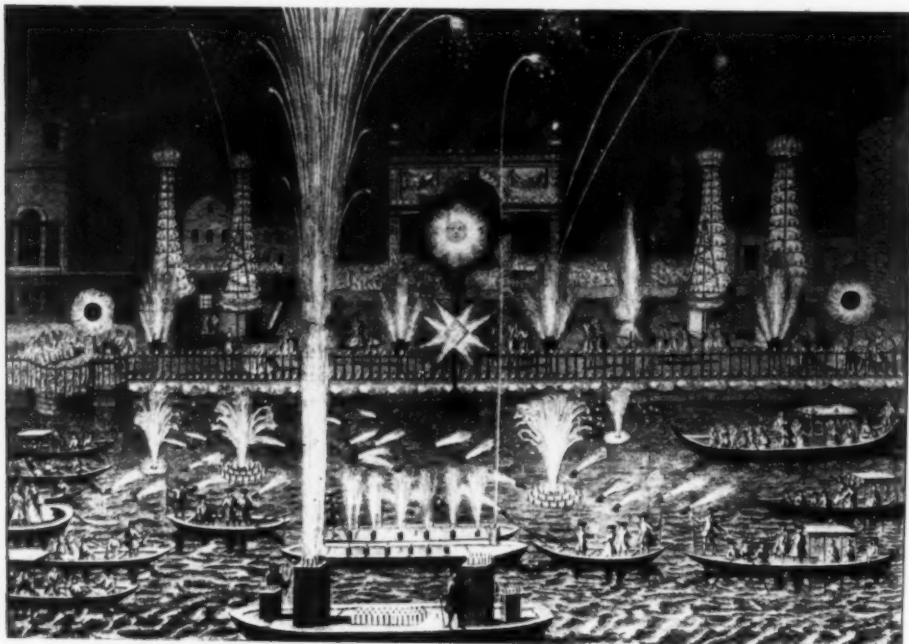


FIREWORKS ON THE THAMES OFF WHITEHALL ON THE PUBLIC THANKSGIVING DAY
FOR THE PEACE OF UTRECHT, JULY 7, 1713

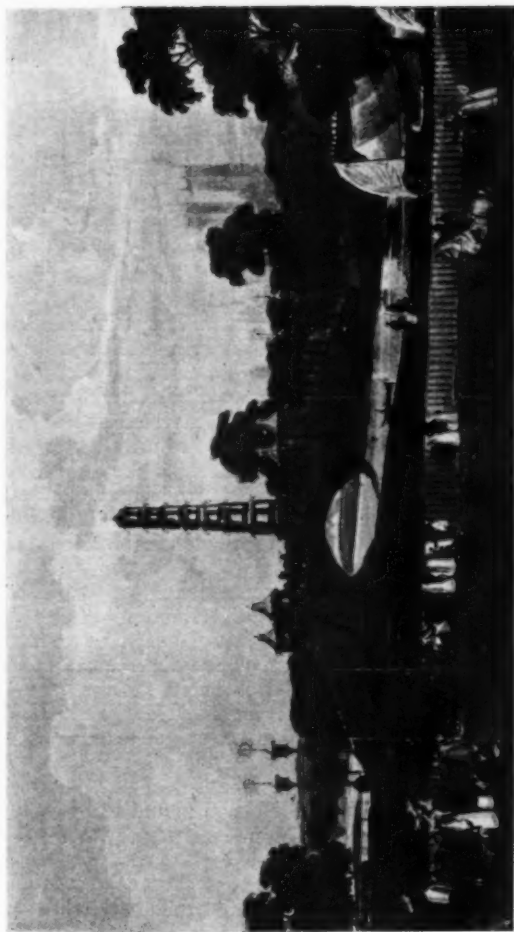
Some Notable Fireworks



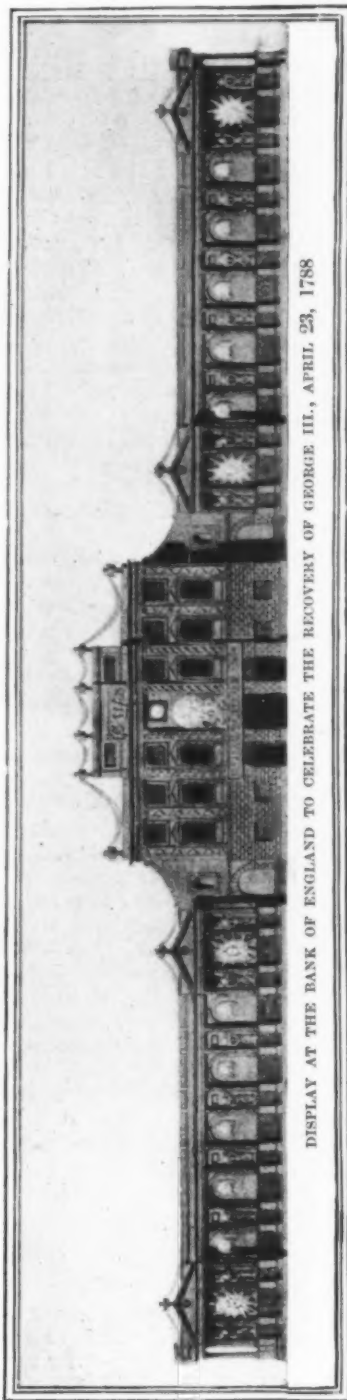
Title on Original Engraving—"The Grand Whim for Posterity to Laugh at: being the Night View of the Royal Fireworks as Exhibited in the Green Park, St. James's, with the Right Wing on Fire"
FIREWORK DISPLAY IN THE GREEN PARK TO CELEBRATE THE PEACE OF AIX-LA-CHAPELLE, 1749
 The picture shows a Newsham Fire Engine



**FIREWORK DISPLAY AT THE DUKE OF RICHMOND'S ON THE THAMES OFF WHITEHALL, MAY 15, 1749,
 TO CELEBRATE THE PEACE OF AIX-LA-CHAPELLE**



VIEW OF THE BRIDGE AND PAGODA, ST. JAMES'S PARK, ERECTED FOR THE GRAND JUBILEE, IN CELEBRATION OF THE PEACE, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF SIR WILLIAM CONGREVE, BART., AUGUST 1, 1814



DISPLAY AT THE BANK OF ENGLAND TO CELEBRATE THE RECOVERY OF GEORGE III., APRIL 23, 1788

'I should like to be a South Sea Trader'

BY LOUIS BECKE

I SO often hear the remark, "I should like to be a trader in the South Seas."

A few days before the December number of this volume of *The Leisure Hour* (containing a brief and interesting article on Savage Island, by Mr. J. Cowan) came to hand, the present writer received a letter from a young man in the north of Scotland, asking to be put in communication with some trader in the Pacific Islands, as he was anxious to proceed there as a trader, or to invest his small capital of £100 in a suitable manner.

This letter is but one of many hundreds of similar communications that have been received during the past two or three years, and to nearly all of them the recipient has had to send the same reply—viz. that the South Sea Islands do not offer, under existing circumstances, any encouragement whatever to any person to embark in trading enterprise who cannot command at least £500; and even supposing that he was so fortunate as to be able to locate himself on an island where there was no "opposition" trader, he need not look forward to making anything beyond a bare living. The old-time independent traders—i.e. men who bought their own trade goods and sold their produce to whom they pleased—have ceased to exist, except in a very few instances, and trading operations both in the North, South, and Western Pacific are carried on by large firms whose headquarters are in Germany, Australia, or New Zealand. These firms now "work" the various groups by steamers, and their *employés* are usually paid by commission, or by a commission and a very small monthly salary—£60 to £100 per annum. During a prosperous season the trader's commission on the goods he sells to the natives and on the copra, cotton, pearl-shell, fungus, shark-fins, etc. he may buy from them either for cash or goods, may be something considerable, but of late years competition has been so keen that the average European trader working for one of these firms has been lucky if he can make his £5 a month pay for the provisions he consumes.

Let us take for example the case of

Savage Island (and add a few supplementary details to Mr. Cowan's account), and suppose that some unfortunate person, unused to island life, reading the very correct description of the island and its people, should rashly betake himself there with say £500 worth of trade goods, bought in Sydney or Auckland. The chances are, in the first place, that if he has not chosen his trade goods under the supervision of a friend who knows what is wanted, he will have £500 worth of unsalable rubbish, palmed off upon him by unscrupulous merchants, which could be sold perhaps in the Solomons or New Hebrides, but would be rejected as a gift in Savage Island, Samoa, Tonga or Eastern Polynesia. On the other hand he has, say, chosen just the sort of "trade" required. For his passage he pays £15, and another £30 or £35 for freight. Arrived at Savage Island he finds a community of 5000 natives, keen and business-like, and the greatest bargainers and "beaters down" in the Pacific. They profess (or at least the first arrivals on board do) to be delighted at his arrival, and as the captain has to proceed on his voyage, he (the would-be trader) at once begins to land his "trade." Suddenly a deputation of gentlemen called the *kaupule* (town councillors) appear, and request he will not be in so much of a hurry. Has he arranged for a house? No. Well, that he must do; meanwhile the *kaupule* will get his goods stored in various houses at a charge of so much per diem. What price per pound will he pay for copra, and how much for cotton? He cannot tell just yet, he says. Oh, that won't do, they say. Of course he can tell, and must. Then he is suddenly asked if he is able to pay a dollar each to the men engaged in carrying his goods ashore. If he refuses he is left in the lurch on the beach with his goods around him, till he comes to reason.

Perhaps, after days of incessant worry, caused largely by his own ignorance of the language and the disposition of the natives, he at last finds himself the tenant of a house, and begins to put it in order to begin trading. So far he has not been

'I should like to be a South Sea Trader'

visited by any of the other white traders on the island—there are six—and thinks they are a boorish lot. He is quite mistaken. They have him very much in mind, and neither they nor the natives are boorish—they all only seek to take care of themselves, and his trials have not yet begun. The noisy, vociferous people have perhaps jarred upon his feelings. They laugh at the clumsy way he tries to open a tierce of tobacco, and roar with merriment if he hits his thumb instead of a nail with the hammer.

Along comes a letter from the other traders, an eminently business-like letter, protesting against his starting business on an island where none of the six can do more than hold his own and live, and intimating that they are compelled to combine against him for their own safety, and have agreed to undersell and "run him off" the island. He thinks them a pack of selfish brutes, but as years go on he will find himself necessitated to use the same tactics for his own preservation. Then these "selfish brutes" come to see him, and he finds them a very decent, good-natured lot of fellows, ready in their hospitality, and willing to do all they can for him outside of business, but metaphorically eager to cut his throat *in* business.

Perhaps he may manage to fight his way along—he can if he can afford to sell his "trade" at a heavy loss for, say, the first six months or so—and then when he gets to understand the natives and study their feelings, he will pull along with the rest. So much for Savage Island, and practically the same condition of affairs will be met with in many other of the Polynesian islands. I have seen many instances where men, unable to speak a single word of any native dialect, have endeavoured to get a footing as a trader, and gone away disappointed, and that too in times when money was easily made. But in these cases there was wanting one great essential—none of them were physically or mentally fitted for the then rough and lonely life of a trader, among people just emerging from savagery.

Many years ago the writer, when living in Samoa, was shown by the supercargo for a Californian firm doing a large trading business in the Caroline Islands, these among other instructions: "You will proceed first to the Marshall Group and take from there the most suitable of our traders

and land him with \$5000 in trade and \$2000 in cash at ——. You will instruct him to undersell and make every effort to 'run off' Messrs. —'s trader at ——. If necessary you may expend \$500 out of the ship's funds as presents to the chiefs of —, if they will assist in this matter."

Now this man whom he was to see "run-off" and ruined was a personal friend of this supercargo. He was a German, smart, energetic and industrious. His wife was an European lady, and he had five or six children. Although he was agent for Messrs. —, his house and land were his own property, and he was making an income of £700 a year. Fortunately he proved too strong a man for the Californian firm to break, and maintained his position.

Another instance will illustrate a case of the biter being bit—with a good big bite, too. A young seaman, who was an excellent boat-builder and carpenter, was landed penniless on an island in the Kingsmill Group by his captain. He had cut his foot with an adze, or axe, and for many weeks was seriously ill. The present writer, then supercargo of a vessel bound to the north-west, found him on the island, quite destitute, but eager to work, and engaged him to remain on the island as a trader, supplying him with such "trade" as could be spared, together with all the tools he required. In six months he had not only sold out all his trade, but had built a small cutter out of a wrecked vessel, for which he was offered £60 in cash. The firm by which the writer was employed confirmed his appointment as trader, and sent him a large shipment of goods by another vessel—pleased to get such a steady, industrious man who was *persona grata* to the natives. About this time a Samoan native teacher landed—the first seen there. He and the young seaman became great friends, and the latter frequently lent him his whale-boat to visit outlying villages. Now the advent of a missionary to this particular island gave the firm the greatest annoyance, and instructions were sent to the trader to at once withdraw from all dealings with a man who could and would "do the firm great harm." The trader resented this hotly, with the result that he was, to use his own expression, "given the dirty kick out" at a moment's notice. His private belongings were thrown out of the house (which he had built), his boat and cutter seized, and the evictors—the captain

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and crew of one of the firm's ships—suggested that he could swim to Fiji and make a complaint to the British Consul, and a new man at once took possession. Our friend, however, was not to be so easily imposed upon. Two weeks later an American brigantine arrived, filled to the coamings of her hatches with trade goods, and her supercargo, eager to secure good men as traders, promptly landed a quantity of goods, and as promptly made an arrangement with the natives to boycott the man who had been so unjustly put in possession of our friend's house, which was really his own property. The boycott lasted for seven months, during which time the newcomer did not sell one single dollar's worth of goods, and spent his time in sleeping and smoking and eating. During this time the young seaman had loaded a barque with 500 tons of copra, then worth £18 per ton, and netted a commission of \$10 per ton. When the aggressive skipper who had suggested the swim to Fiji arrived and found the man who had been "kicked out" thriving so well, and his own man doing nothing, his feelings were too much for him. He challenged the successful trader to fight; the offer was accepted, and the result was very bad for him. It was many years before any of that firm's ships again tried to land a trader there, for Charley T— had only to insinuate to the natives that he would pack up and go if another trader put foot ashore, to put the whole island in an uproar.

At the present time the Solomon and New Hebrides islands are producing a great deal of copra, but it has fallen now to about £9 per ton in London, and only those traders or trading firms who are possessed of capital can keep going. The British authorities in the Western Pacific islands, whilst anxious to see the country developed, very properly point out that neither British New Guinea nor the British portion of the Solomon Islands offer any inducement to the single trader or would-be settler of small means. The conditions of life there are widely different from those obtaining in the Polynesian archipelagoes, where the climate is comparatively temperate, and where the native races are so far civilised and Christianised, and accustomed to the European mode of living, that the "trader" of the days of twenty-five or thirty years ago has been transformed into the shopkeeper who can sell his sewing

machines, and boots, and yards of ribbon, and tinned meats and corsets to people who talk English almost as well as their native tongue. There, in those beautiful islands, where he must pay his taxes, dress himself decently, and keep his books like any suburban grocer's clerk, he is not required to daily adventure his life as did the rough traders and first missionaries of the early days. He can ride to church on his bicycle and listen to a sermon in English by an English clergyman; and, if it be to his mind, write an article on the luxurious lives of missionaries in general, taking care to "disremember," as the Irish say, that while the old style of adventurous trader could assimilate himself to savage people and savage life, he, the latter-day successor, would not be earning his living in peace and comfort were it not for missionary enterprise and teaching.

For the Solomon Islands, and indeed for all those groups westwards from Fiji—the dividing line between "black" Melanesia and copper-hued Polynesia—the man who goes there needs the same physical and mental qualifications that are needed in all truly wild lands. First, if he wishes to begin life either as an independent settler or a trader, he must have capital; secondly, he should be a single man, and be endowed with a strong constitution; and thirdly, he should have the power within him of *learning*—learning to understand the language, customs, laws, religious belief and mode of life generally of a people who, by reason of the terrible massacres of white people in their country during the past fifty years, have earned for the Solomon Islands among Australians the name of "the white man's grave." For it is the honest belief of the writer that the cause of so many murders of white men in these wild islands is not always innate treachery, not always simple lust for bloodshed, not always the desire for plunder, nor the cannibal instinct, but very often Fear—that fear which in the savage heart is so closely allied to rage at the intrusion of a strange white-skinned creature, who may be either god or devil, that the superstition in which the naked man has been born and bred lends weight to his arm when he swings his club over the head of, or hurls his spear through the heart of, the intruder who perchance has unthinkingly violated the most sacred, religious, or domestic feelings, through sheer carelessness or ignorance.

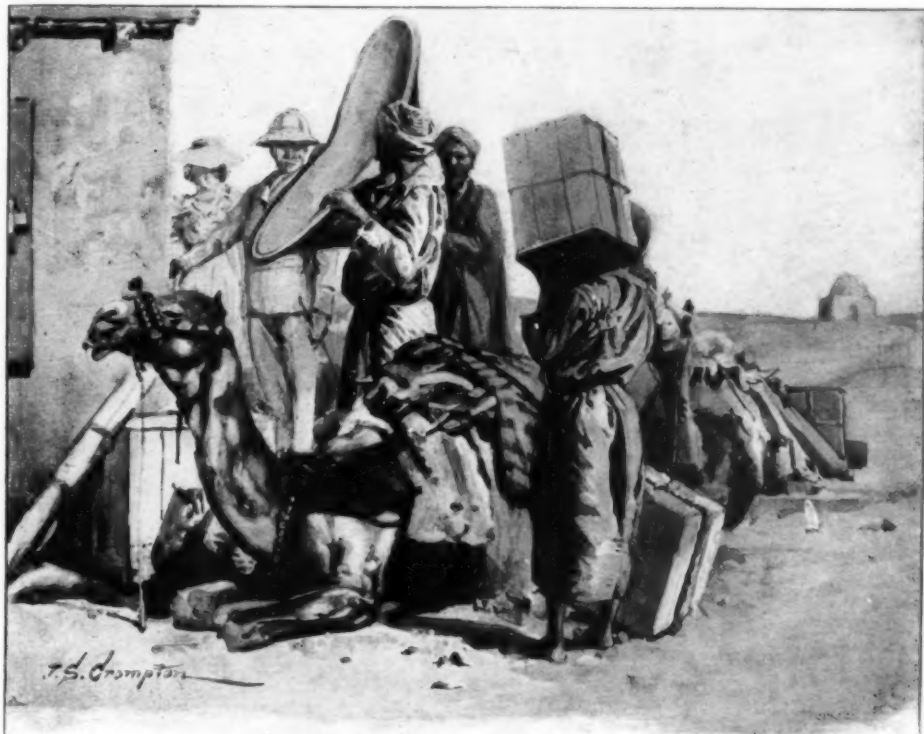
Smithwick

Two Months in a Mud House in the Desert

BY E. B. MOORE

A MUD house! and in the desert! It does not sound inviting—for fifteen or sixteen years ago "*Ghita*" was a mere village; stone houses there were none—nor, indeed, many houses of any sort. The pashas, it is true, owned a few handsome-looking villas where they sent their wives for change of air, or to take the

stood open, hanging to one hinge; it had once been painted, but it would be difficult to believe that now in its blistered and worn appearance. Bare-footed Arabs were bringing in the luggage, and stood waiting the directions of "Effendi," a rather cross-looking elderly man, who was mopping his brow, and looking in some perplexity around



BARE-FOOTED ARABS WERE BRINGING IN THE LUGGAGE

sulphur baths, but even these were made of mud. There was a small hamlet, and one good hotel, and this was all. Over the sandy plain were dotted a few houses, and it was to one of these that our travellers were bent on the day in question. They—a lady and gentleman—scrambled over *débris* of stones and rubbish, and waded through shifting sand, and then what did they see to reward them for all their trouble! The door of the small mud house

him. "Here, Abdallah—whatever your name is," he called out in stentorian tones, accompanied by not very choice language—"I say, are you deaf?" In answer to his call came a Berber servant, clad in blue robes, with great thick silver rings in his ears, and a very pleasant expression on his face. "Here, you—settle with these rascals, and help them get the things in their places."

The house was small—one sitting-room,

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with coarse but clean matting on the floor, divans running round the room, and a few tables and chairs as sole furniture. The bedroom opening out of it was even more bare; two beds, consisting of wooden planks laid on trestles and a mattress of cotton-wool on each, a washing-stand, two chairs, and a table was all it boasted of. "It is well we brought a few things with us," said Mrs. Hilliard, in a plaintive voice. "They had best put the baths into that empty room, we can convert it into a bathroom. *How* are we going to spend two months here?"

"Well, it's rather soon to begin grumbling," said the colonel, rather crossly. "I suppose as Mr. Seaward can put up with it, *we* can. It's true he's a bachelor; but *you* are a soldier's wife, and used to roughing it."

Mrs. Hilliard was a pale, delicate woman, and would have been insignificant-looking but for a pair of remarkably fine eyes. Without answering, she quickly began, with the help of Abdallah, to unpack, and soon the small living-room began to look more cheery. Boxes were turned upside down and covered with striped rugs, of which a plentiful supply had been brought; books were unpacked, photograph-frames and other little knick-knacks were placed here and there, giving a homey appearance to the whole; and when two deck-chairs were added with velvet cushions, even the colonel grunted out approval. The bright sunshine poured in, also the pure desert air, which the badly-fitting windows could not keep out; there was a cheer about the whole that was quite infectious.

By the time all this was accomplished, a savoury smell of cooking announced the fact that the "*déjeuner à la fourchette*" was nearly ready. Abdallah prided himself on his cooking, and with a beaming face and garments of immaculate cleanness, he came in with the dishes. The table was set near one of the open windows, commanding a view of the distant pinky-looking mountains, and both Colonel and Mrs. Hilliard were more than ready for their appetising-looking meal. The colonel—who had been somewhat snappish before, getting into every one's way, and calling the Berber a "foreign idiot," and such-like choice names—was now quite pleasant and chatty. "I say, Vi, that fellow knows his business. General Harry did not say too much for

him; that rice is done to a turn. Now, *why* is it we *can't* get it done like this in England?" The dish referred to was a shape of savoury rice; each grain was separate, and yet perfectly soft; it was served with tomato sauce—a very favourite Eastern dish. Then some delicately-cooked mutton cutlets made their appearance, surrounded by potato chips, and finally the meal was wound up with fragrant coffee, rolls and buffalo butter. The latter, being white in colour, is not unlike lard in appearance, but in reality, when well made, is exceedingly good. When the meal was over the colonel went out, lighting a cigar as he went, and his wife remained to rest and set things to rights, and write home to absent ones. Mrs. Hilliard was a second wife, and had several grown-up step-sons and daughters, and two little ones of her own in England. Her friends wondered how she ever came to marry the colonel, who was a most unpopular man. It was suggested as an explanation that she did not *dare* to refuse him; in reality she was very devoted to him, in spite of his surly temper and peremptory manner. Now, as she sat writing, she felt thankful that so far everything had gone off well. She had dreaded these two months in the desert home, alone with her husband. He had been in very bad health, and the Cairo doctor had strongly advised the air of the desert, so he had gladly accepted the offer of his friend's house, and was determined to give it a fair trial.

The few first days passed very pleasantly. The beds were hard and the accommodation scanty, but the air and sunshine made up for everything. Perhaps there is nothing quite so exhilarating in the world as this desert air. Every morning, as Violet Hilliard went out with her books and work, she felt as though treading on air, as if she were renewing her youth, and could dance from sheer gladness of heart. Every care seemed to vanish; the sand shimmered in the glorious sunshine, there was no wind, and a wonderful stillness reigned around, unbroken even by the song of birds—and she forgot to regret this in the perfect harmony of all around. The call to prayer morning and evening, at the rising and setting of the sun, was the only sound heard. At sunset the blue-clad figure might be seen clearly defined against the amber sky on a minaret of the mosque, calling to prayer, his sonorous voice resounding

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through the desert stillness. Then came the event of the day—the sunset. First there came a crimson flush over the west, turning old Father Nile blood-red, and the

golden cloudlets flecked the indigo sky, which then took on every tint imaginable—opal, pale sea-green, violet, and crimson—till at last the whole western sky was a



"NOT BAD," SAID THE COLONEL, SOFTENING

great golden globe would slowly sink and slip away behind the feathery palms. Then a dull grey twilight crept over all, and this lasted perhaps for ten minutes, when suddenly the sky seemed to light up again;

perfect glory; then gradually all faded away, and only the bright stars remained glowing in the sky, and shedding down their radiant light on the yellow glistening sand.

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"Come in, come in!" the colonel would growl testily; "it's dinner-time!"

"But it is so beautiful, so wonderful," his wife would say in her plaintive voice.

"All very well in its way," would say the unpoetical colonel, "but I want my dinner."

His wife, as she hastened unwillingly to the house, stumbling over the *débris* in the front of it (for darkness had now fallen), felt she could have done without it.

The little parlour would be lit up with well-trimmed, though primitive lamps, the table daintily laid, and an appetising meal prepared. A few days before this, Mrs. Hilliard had fancied she saw a white-robed female figure flitting about, and at another time she had seen this apparition hovering on a sand-heap near, and a blue-robed one, not unlike Abdallah, talking to her. The mystery she had solved that day, and was waiting for a favourable opportunity to speak to her husband on the subject, for Abdallah had told her his little romance.

"I say, who is that woman I saw just now? She seemed to try and hide when I passed," growled the colonel to his wife. They had just dined, and he was lighting his cigar.

"Well, dear, it is Abdallah's wife."

"Confound his impudence! What does she do here? I don't want his belongings, though he's all very well himself for a nigger."

"Well, dear George, it appears that the husband and wife are inseparable, and she has been hovering round for some time; and Abdallah asked me if she might stay with him. He says she will be no expense, as he has enough food allowed him for both."

"And you gave permission without even asking me?" asked her husband fiercely.

"No, no, dear George, indeed I did not; but *do* let her stay; it would be so nice to have a woman about, and she looks so clean in those white robes."

"Well, if that doesn't beat all!" exclaimed the colonel, half rising.

But his wife, taking her courage in both hands, went on—"George, they have only each other. They have no children, and she cried when I showed her our little ones—I could not help it, she begged so to see their pictures—and she said how happy I was to be a mother, and how lonely they were."

"Not bad," said the colonel, softening, for these children of his later years had a very special place in his heart, and he took up the photo of the two bonnie children, and gazed at the curly heads and round, childish features. "Not bad specimens," he repeated, and his tone implied that being *his* children, they could not fail to be superior to all others.

So Abdallah's wife remained, and flitted about noiselessly in her white garments, and sweet, dark face, with large, rather sad eyes. The two women managed to understand each other; Miriam knew a little English, and Violet a little, *very* little, Arabic.

"Him good man," Miriam would say, pointing to her husband, who was just going off to market, his basket on his arm. "No take oder woman; no love none but me, and me no children;" by which Mrs. Hilliard gathered that he was a good husband, contented with his one childless wife.

In the evening, when she went to give her last orders to Abdallah, Miriam would be seen squatted happily on the floor beside her lord and master, who smoked his evening pipe, she employed in doing nothing, but perfectly happy.

It has been said that neither doors nor windows closed, and the shutters were in the same condition, so that the cries of the jackal often could be heard at night, and at first Violet used to be wakened up by it; but the air of the desert induced such sound sleep that she usually slept through the night. One night, however, both sleepers were awakened by a bang on the shutter, and this was repeated, and Mrs. Hilliard hid her head under the bed-clothes, and called to her husband, who with many grumblings got up and went to the window, demanding what was the matter. A gruff voice replied in Arabic: "I want to know the hour, and so I knocked." We will *not* repeat the colonel's answer, made with angry gestures. Fortunately, being in his own tongue, the belated traveller did not understand the words, though he perfectly understood the meaning, and quickly took his departure.

Up amongst the pink-looking distant mountains the pair often rode on the swift little desert donkeys, and it was one of Violet's great delights to soar up the steep inclines, and see range after range of barren mountains break on the view, while below

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lay an expanse of yellow desert, undulating like a great sea, and the Nile winding away like a ribbon in the distance between the palms.

The weeks were passing all too swiftly, and never had Mrs. Hilliard enjoyed more perfect and unruffled happiness during her married life than she was doing now. It was like an oasis in the desert of a somewhat troublous life. She had gained both health and strength, as had her husband, who treated her with a consideration and kindness to which she had been long a stranger. Sometimes as they sat together under the shade of a great rock, he with his paper, she with her work or sketch-book, he would deign to talk to her, and was surprised to find how well-informed and really intellectual she was.

"By Jove," he said one day, "I did not know you knew so much. Where have you hidden your knowledge all these eight years?"

She coloured with pleasure as she answered, "You know I have always lived with clever people, and have been used to hear things talked of, though I am not clever myself."

"There's hope for you yet, Vi; and, I say, you are getting back your looks wonderfully. Why, when we get back they won't know you; you look ten years younger."

Then the beautiful flush on her face transformed that poor little wife, to whom such praise was rare indeed, and when her husband put his arm through hers as they walked towards the house, she felt herself the happiest woman alive, for there is no beautifier like happiness.

Sometimes they would pass native ladies—the wives of some pasha—who were taking an airing under charge of their black guardian, who usually walked beside the head lady, holding her elbow, a mark of respect shown always to the favourite wife of a harem.

Instead of the face veil, white tulle was becomingly draped round the face, hiding the nose and mouth, the beautiful liquid dark eyes being thus shown to advantage by their snowy setting. The lesser wives followed, all tottering on very high-heeled

embroidered shoes, which were quite unfitted for the sand of the desert.

On one occasion Mrs. Hilliard visited one of the harems. The pasha who owned it was acquainted with her husband, civilities passed, and it ended in Violet being invited to visit his villa. The head wife received her. She wore a modified oriental costume, a skirt taking the place of the usual baggy trousers, but the long, loose silk jacket was such as is usually worn. With many civil speeches "Madame Pasha" conducted her guest into a large room with rich silk hangings, divans all round, on which sleepy-looking women, young and old, were loling, smoking and eating sweetmeats. All stared at Violet as she came in, in her white dress and shady hat, and commented freely on her appearance. The remarks were translated to her by her hostess, who spoke a little English. "They say you pretty, you sweet; but why you wear no ornaments, and ugly shoes?" pointing to the neat, but serviceable walking-shoes that Mrs. Hilliard was wearing, and which she had to go round and exhibit to each lady in turn. The fragrant coffee was served in jewelled cups, and after being tasted first by the hostess, was afterwards handed to her guest.

This visit amused Mrs. Hilliard; she was struck by the luxury all round. The house was of mud, it is true, but larger and more commodious than the one she was in. The walls were hidden by silken draperies, the divans covered with the same; while rich curtains divided the rooms, thick velvety carpets covered the floors, and inlaid tables stood about with sweets and cigarettes on jewelled dishes.

The two months came to an end at last, as all pleasant things do, and it was reluctantly that the husband and wife left their desert abode.

"Take a good look, Vi," the colonel said, as they stood together at the primitive little station, and gazed back on the humble little mud house where they had spent such pleasant hours. "I prophesy that in a few years this will be a fashionable watering-place, and our mud house will be a thing of the past." And the colonel's prophecy came true.



John Austin's Will

BY W. MONTROSE

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

JOHN AUSTIN, an old Australian squatter, after six months' residence in Sydney, feels himself very unwell. He sends for his friends Millington and Mrs. Moss, announces his intention of going back to Malugalala, and tells them that, with the exception of one or two legacies to his old servants, he is leaving them the residue of his estate to be divided equally between them. Some months after, John Austin dies. But his will cannot be found. At the sale of his furniture, his old chair, a picture, and a sideboard are bought by a man going to England, where they come into the hands of Walter Reid. The latter, through adverse circumstances, is obliged to go to the colonies, taking with him the chair and picture.

A claimant to John Austin's estates turns up in the person of an adventurer called John William Candler. He makes an unsuccessful attempt to get John Millington to take up his case, and then puts it into the hands of Henry Geeves, a lawyer who had fallen low through drink.

Harold Crapp, for whom Mrs. Moss had agreed to keep house, goes to live at Narenita Station, by the invitation of its owner, who is leaving for a visit to Scotland. There he finds Alfred Greenlands, the manager, and his wife, good neighbours and kind to Mrs. Moss.

Walter Reid, soon after his arrival in Sydney, dies, leaving his family in straitened circumstances, and John Austin's chair and picture are again sold. His daughter goes as companion to Mrs. Greenlands at Narenita.

Bob Hawke, sitting in the bush cemetery one day, discovers a tin box hidden under a stone. It contains some papers—one of which is John Austin (Ashcroft's) story of his life, and another is an illegible copy of a will.

At a dance, Harold Crapp meets the Miss Fieldings, and, without pretending he knew anything of them, expresses his abhorrence of bushranging. His words produce a deep impression on Martha Fielding, who determines to abandon the practice. Acting under a misapprehension, he blames Martha afterwards for being one of two who "stuck up" Mr. Millington and Mr. Greenlands. Martha does not want to tell on her sister, and so she and Harold Crapp quarrel.

Soon after this, Mrs. Moss receives a telegram from Millington summoning her to the court in Sydney. By her production of the documents found in the tin box, the claim of John William Candler is refuted.

John Millington falls in love with Miss Reid, whom he meets while staying at the Dingles' during a storm.

Sophia Fielding persuades her sister Mary to join her, and, disguised as men, they enter upon the perilous and wicked career of bushrangers. They get a number of young fellows to follow "Captain Sol." Their first escapade was to relieve a poor miner of two bars of gold. Among their "amusements" was a visit to a dance at Coruna, where, at supper, they compelled the assembled guests to wait upon them. Mrs. Greenlands overhears a remark of their captain about "sticking up" the coach, and she stops it in time to put the driver and passengers on their guard. In the attack on the coach the Sun gang is repulsed, and Mick Tyson is wounded.

Retribution soon follows. One of the Sun gang turns traitor, and is shot by their captain.

Harold Crapp sails for England, and as the vessel puts off from the shore, he sees Martha Fielding waving farewell.

Miss Reid discovers John Austin's old chair in a furniture-dealer's in Sydney, and Mrs. Moss purchases it and John Austin's portrait. She feels that she is on the eve of great discoveries.

The Sun gang make an attack upon an armed escort conveying gold to Sydney, and Mary Fielding ("Captain Mat") is fatally wounded. Soon after, the whole gang, except Captain Sol, are taken prisoners.

Mrs. Moss, taking John Austin's portrait to clean it, discovers his will written on the back of the canvas, bequeathing Malugalala to her, and dividing the remainder of his estate, after some minor bequests, between her and John Millington.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—CAPTAIN SOL'S LAST RIDE

THE guest-chamber was occupied again. This time by an occupant in whose veins ran the glowing stream of life. No light ever gleamed from the windows, and even the very occupants of the house were ignorant of the visitor therein. Mr. and Mrs. Moss were still in Sydney. Biddy one day went to the room-door and found it locked. She was of a calm, unsuspicious nature. "Sure she must a taken the kay

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wid 'er," she murmured quite contentedly, as she found the door fast against her. She had quite forgotten that she had been in it more than once since the lady's departure. Nor did she take the trouble to note that it was locked from the inside.

The police scoured the district for miles, and telegrams containing descriptions of the bushranger leader flashed all over the colonies. A double reward was put upon his head, and numbers incited thereby sought for him high and low. "He must

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have cleared out," said everybody, and he whom they sought was resting quietly here in the guest-chamber of Narenita in their very midst. He was glad of the quiet, that he could think without fear of interruption. He felt at times that these were the happiest days of his life, and so they would have been but for the memories of the past which would come crowding upon him, and a strange feeling of sadness which seemed to envelop him as a shroud closer and more closely. During the day he sat and thought of those whom he had seen lying on that bed there, and his breast heaved. At night, when all was silent and still, he would creep out and help himself to what he wanted. As the pantry was well supplied no one missed anything at that time. He wondered at times that Mrs. Moss did not return. He wished so much that she would, he should feel more safe, and she would counsel him what to do.

For more than a fortnight he did not stir out of the house, and then he began to pant for the open air once more, and to be astride his noble horse Prince. Mat's Duke he had shot with his own hand the day of her funeral. "No one shall ride you, for no one else is worthy," he said, as the beautiful animal had fallen at his feet.

It was a lovely moonlight night, and he looked out from his window. How beautiful it was! Why should he not go out? The servants were all at the back of the house, and no one stirred. An intense longing came over him to go out and enjoy that lovely scene, so still and silvery. "Oh, I must go," he cried. "If my dear old Prince were only here I would."

As if in answer to his cry, Prince came up and stood leaning over the garden fence. What cruel fate brought it there that night? Calling the horse softly by name he sprang out on to the verandah, leaving a note addressed to Mrs. Moss lying on the table. He closed the door-window behind him, saying, "If I do return I will put it away until needed."

Poor fellow, had he known that the train bringing his friend home was fast nearing the northern city of the plains, he might have waited a few hours longer, and all might have been well. The poor brute rubbed its head affectionately against its master and seemed to rejoice at his presence once more. He took a saddle from the stable and was soon cantering joyously towards the main road. Oh, how glorious it was after the close confinement of that

room! The very moon seemed to smile upon him, and gently kissed the handle of his revolver sticking in his belt. He almost shouted for very joy, but the sight of that cluster of trees at the turn-off where Mat had received her death-wound checked him, and he sighed as he pulled up his horse and rode slowly by. He threw back the cemetery paddock gates, strange emotions surging through his breast. It was near here Mick Tyson received the wound which had led to the declaration of their love. It was here that disastrous fight took place, and he shuddered as the gate fell back behind him, closing itself. The horse went instinctively towards the cemetery, and, dismounting, Sol made his way to the two graves in the shaded corner. The shadows were almost black in this spot. He threw himself on his knees between those two little mounds. "Mat, Mat," he said softly. "You are better off. You are at rest. Would that I were with you!" and he patted the heaped-up earth gently and lovingly. Flinging himself on Mick's grave he dug his hands into the earth as if he would embrace the sleeper lying there. "My love, my love, I am coming, coming. I shall soon, soon be with you," he cried in a paroxysm of grief. Then realising what he had said he sprang to his feet. "I have made a promise to the dead," he whispered in tones of awe. "And I shall keep it. I shall soon be with you, my heart's love," and turning he waved his hand towards the grave, as if renewing and affirming the promise; and then slowly left the place.

Mounting his horse again he drew his long cloak around him, the cloak he had worn when he had gone out in the days gone by, as the happy, light-hearted Sophia Fielding. He had put it on unconsciously that evening. Why, he could not say, for he seldom wore it now. Why did he put it on? Led by that inevitable fate, the outcome of his recent life, whose invisible hands were dragging him along to his destiny that beautiful Australian night. He felt almost intoxicated with this delicious sense of freedom, and his nag seemed filled with the spirit too.

He cantered on, and rode along the top of the gully which they had made their camping-ground. He looked down into it, but its depths were wrapped in deep, dark, mysterious shadows. He sighed as he thought of all those who were gone. Three only of the gang besides himself were now

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HE RODE SLOWLY TOWARDS THE HOLLOW

living, and their career had been so short: and those three were undergoing terms of imprisonment. "I feel as if I'd like to go to Armidale, and out to that old shanty on the Hillgrove road where the band first came into existence. I wonder if it still stands, that old hut," and he patted his horse's neck.

Why did he pause there meditating? Why was it he left his visit to the hut in the hollow till the last? He had passed it some distance on his right as he came along to the gully. Why had he done this? None can say. He rode slowly towards the hollow, the moonlight casting his shadow before him, which seemed as it fell upon the grass to be fringed with silver light. The moon was at its full and rode in splendour in the heavens. "How beautiful it all is, how solemn!" he whispered, looking up. He stopped his horse and looked at the calm purple sky. Then, sighing, he went slowly on.

* * *

Rutter sank lower and lower, and at last Mr. Swales dismissed him from his employ, but had not turned him out of the little cottage where he lived. The ex-bookkeeper was at his wits' end. No one would employ him, and he did not know what to do. He saw the placards announcing the reward for the apprehension of Captain Sol, and a bitter scheme of revenge formed itself in his mind.

He had not mentioned a word to any one, but at Coruna he recognised Sophia Fielding in Captain Sol, and he longed for vengeance. Since the capture

of the gang he carried his revolver about with him wherever he went. "Dead or alive," the placard said, and he would gladly secure that reward, and so avenge himself if he could. He loaded his revolver and stepped on to the verandah. "It's a glorious night," he called out to his wife, who was sitting in the room reading. "Are you on for a stroll?"

"No!" she replied. The book was too interesting to give up just then.

"Well then, I'm off for a ramble down by the hollow. It looks lovely," and he opened the garden-gate.

Why did his wife refuse to go with him? She always afterward regretted it. Why did he feel the moonlight that night was so alluring? Why did he go down to the hollow instead of up to the hill, his favourite walk, and where a greater expanse of loveliness would have presented itself?

He saw a horseman coming slowly up from the gully, and his heart beat violently. Why? He did not know. Was it fear? He could not say. He saw the horseman stop and dismount. What was the matter? Should he go and offer his aid? No, he would wait here just by this uprooted sapling, torn up by some storm perhaps. No! torn up by an infuriated woman, and that woman was gradually drawing nearer and nearer to that fatal spot.

As Sol sat watching the purple sky he felt his horse suddenly start under him, and he patted its neck. As they went slowly on, for the first time in its existence it stumbled. He dismounted at once. What ailed the poor brute? It was covered with sweat, and as he touched it, it fell with a groan to the earth. "Snake-bitten," said Sol, beating the bushes with a stick; but the snake had done its work, and was gone. The unhappy captain was not even to have the advantage of being on horseback in meeting his coming doom. He stood watching the poor animal's death-throes, and when all was over turned sorrowfully away. As he looked up he started; that cloud he had been watching was drawing nearer, and lo! it was tipped with burnished silver, beautiful to see. He did not note a man standing there revolver in hand. Turning into the little hut he passed through its four bare rooms, but they were not bare to him. They were filled with the memories of those who had occupied those rooms with him, and he felt as if they were present there though he spoke no word. He went

out again into the open. How close that cloud was! It hung as a hazy curtain between the moon and himself. He paused and looked at it, drawing his trailing cloak around him. He looked more like what he was, a beautiful, graceful woman, than he had done since the night of Mick's burial, as he went slowly on.

Rutter stood and waited. When he saw that long-robed figure he recognised it instantly. His heart gave one great throb, and then a flood of cruel, bitter hatred of the woman who was coming nearer filled his soul.

"Sophy Fielding," he cried as she stopped before him, "I will wipe out all old scores," and before the girl could recover herself he fired, and she fell. The cloud came nearer. He bent over her, his weapon still smoking, a light of cruel, malicious triumph gleaming in his eyes. "Dead or alive, the placard says," he exclaimed, bending still lower over the prostrate form.

She opened her eyes for a moment and looked at him. Muttering indistinctly she fired point-blank at him. Without a groan he fell beside her. With one convulsive effort she spurned him from her. "Mick, my heart's love," she cried, looking up at the sky, and with a happy smile upon her face she fell back dead.

Mrs. Rutter heard the shots fired, and concluded it was some one opposum-shooting, not knowing the difference between the report of a revolver and that of a rifle. She did not particularly worry over her husband. He often went away and made a night of it at the grog shanty. She left the door unfastened, and going to bed slept soundly.

The train in which Mr. and Mrs. Moss travelled speeded on its way northwards; seated in one of those comfortable, handsome, first-class compartments of the N.S.W. Government railway, they examined the splendid photos of colonial places of interest adorning the car, recognising the scenes on the Blue Mountains where they had lived for a short time. As the moon rose in the heavens, they closed the gauze-curtain over the lamp that they might the better enjoy the moonlight.

"How beautiful it is!" said the lady, looking out over the country through which they were passing. "How lovely Maluguala must look under this silvery effulgence."

"It must, though I suppose we shall not see many moons there," replied her husband.

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SHE TOLD HIM OF HER DISCOVERY

The lady sighed contentedly, and leaned back on the cushions. "I do wish I were at Narenita to-night, I feel as if I should enjoy a canter in this light."

When they arrived at Talworth, Mrs. Moss begged hard to go homewards at once. She felt strangely restless. After some little difficulty they found a conveyance, and driver willing to take them for a good consideration. They were both silent during the drive, and were not sorry when they reached their destination. Before going to her room Mrs. Moss made her

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way to the guest-chamber. Why, she could not have said. She was not at all surprised to see the room had been occupied. Seeing the note on the table addressed to her, she opened it and read it:—

"MY DEAR MRS. Moss," it ran, "if I do not return before to-morrow morning, come down to the hut in the hollow. There is danger ahead. Love. Yours, Sol."

She went at once for her horse, which was fortunately in the stable, and saddled it. As she came 'out she saw her husband, and said, "Harry, if I am not back in an hour and a half, bring the buggy down to the hut in the hollow. I am going down there," and she rode away. Why she gave that message she could not have said. She cantered along as fast as possible, and was soon at the hollow. All was still and

peaceful. As she passed an uprooted sapling she looked down and saw what she felt she almost expected to see, the dead body of Sophia Fielding, Captain Sol of the Sun gang.

Dismounting, she carried the body into the hut and placed it in the inner room, and then went out to await her husband, gently closing the door behind her. She was somewhat surprised to see a couple of policemen riding along towards her.

Mrs. Rutter, finding that her husband had not returned, went out the next morning,

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and was horrified on discovering his body lying in the thick grass. Screaming at the top of her voice she ran along the road to meet the mail-boy, who, she knew, would be passing about that time. She told him of her discovery and urged him to inform the police of it, and bid them come to carry away the body. She could not touch it, and she shuddered as she thought of it. On she went to Coruna station; hence it was she did not see Mrs. Moss. Coming in sight of the house just as the police came along, she called to them to bring the body up there, which they did, while she went back to her neighbours, the police having promised to bring the coffin, and make all arrangements for the inquiry and the funeral. Thus it came about that Rutter was buried in the Coruna graveyard, at which Mrs. Moss was not sorry.

That lady rode on to meet her husband, and when he drove up she told him of Sol's letter, and of the finding of the body. "One of my convictions," she said, sadly.

"What will you do with your horse?" he said as she dismounted.

"Put the saddle and bridle in the buggy, and let him go. He will find his way home."

"You hold the horse, and I will unsaddle your nag."

Arriving at the hut they carefully placed the body in the buggy and drove back to Narenita. Once more the guest-chamber received an occupant cold and still, the last it was to receive for many years. Summoning Mr. and Mrs. Greenlands, who, they knew, would wish to be present, they prepared the coffin, a very rough one, it is true, but put together by loyal hands, and once more a midnight burial took place in the little graveyard. They buried her in the grave of him she had loved so deeply in life, and Mr. Moss performed the rites.

"What romances are hidden in that little spot," said Mrs. Moss as they entered the buggy to return home.

"Yes, indeed," replied Polly Greenlands, "and hers, poor misguided girl, was the saddest of them all."

To this day many in the district wonder what became of Captain Sol. Some declare he has been seen in Queensland; that he went across country to Westralia; that he has been recognised in America, in Africa, and even in the English House of Commons, so vivid is human imagination. A few, and only a few, know positively that

the one who bore the name sleeps in the grave of the one she loved so much, at rest in the quiet graveyard on the Malugalala run, within sight of the place where was enacted the most disastrous scene in her career.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—A ROMANTIC MARRIAGE CEREMONY

SIX years have passed away since John Austin's will was found, and a great many changes have taken place. His wishes have been carried out. A beautiful monument covers his resting-place, and a memorial window in one of the churches which had largely benefited by his means during his life, records his virtues, bearing the legend—in his case true—"He went about doing good." Malugalala has changed hands. It now belongs to Alfred Greenlands, who is a squatter at last. The little cemetery was duly gazetted, and is dedicated, so there is no likelihood of its being disturbed, whoever may reign at Malugalala. It is graced by many beautiful memorials which are the admiration of the whole district. One in the corner, with just the initials M. T., S. F., M. F., is an object of interest, and is often visited, while the two plain headstones, the one over the remains of those who once formed the escort, and the other over the bush-rangers, invariably lead to the recounting of a very romantic story which is not likely to die out for many years to come. All who visit the little cemetery visit those two monuments.

The fatal slip-panels are gone, and the road leading from them is ploughed up and thrown into the run. After Robert Hawke's tragic fate Mrs. Greenlands refused to pass through that way again. A fresh road was made, and a gate erected some eighty yards higher up. Even the posts have been taken away, and posts and rails corresponding to the rest of the fence substituted instead.

Mr. Nimmo and his family are back at Narenita, corroborating Mrs. Moss's statement that those who have lived in sunny Australia for any length of time are sure to return to it. England they found beautiful, and love very much, but Australia, ah, no words can describe it! To them it is the fair gem of the sea, the land of wonderful contrasts, the home of the sunniest, bluest skies, the place of the purest breezes, and the abode of the heartiest, kindest people

John Austin's Will

in the world; Australia Felix, the Queen of the Earth; God's fairest gift of creation.

Some of the old spots are unchanged, and the soft breezes blow gently and sweetly over the paddocks; the air is still as fresh, pure and clear as ever. The passing of years changes them not.

The good ship *Austral* was ploughing her way quickly and gracefully, outward-bound, and was nearing her journey's end. Among her passengers was a fair-complexioned gentleman whom we last saw some six years ago on the deck of a homeward-bound vessel. His thoughtful, intellectual face looks older now than it did then, and there is an expression of disappointment upon it it did not once bear, and yet he is one of the most successful men of the day, and the most respected too. The passengers tell one another with something of awe that this is Mr. Crapp, the eminent writer and novelist, that many of his books are in the ship's library. He is returning to the colony, why he does not know. He says it is to see old friends, and to convey to them his congratulations, but these he has already sent by word and by wire. Often he asks himself as he paces the deck in the shades of evening—Why is he returning to the colonies? Ah, why?

On, on speeds the noble vessel, and as she passes between the two bold headlands entering the magnificent harbour of Port Jackson, Harold Crapp's heart beats high with hope and fear. Will a solitary woman in blue be there to meet him? and he stands by the bulwarks straining his eyes if haply he may catch a glimpse of her.

As the vessel came to her moorings the watcher upon deck is struck by the sight of the handsome carriages standing on the street outside the wharf. Richly-dressed people waited impatiently to rush on board to welcome the arrivals, but no one in dark blue does he see there. He is astonished also at the wonderful improvements effected on every side. He had thought the scene perfection when he left, but the colonial mind is never satisfied. It must progress. Nature has done her part, man continues to do his.

Presently the gangways are let down, and people rush on board. He turns and almost fancies the years have fled back, for there are the same kind faces looking into his, the same loving hands held out to him as they were six long years ago. The first to seize his hands in warm, welcoming

clasp is Mrs. Moss. She looks younger than ever, he thinks, and yet there is a change which is not the change of years, but that wrought by improved circumstances. An expression of contentment and rest beams upon her face, and he can see at once the result of the change in her affairs. Her dress is plain, but rich and handsome. She moves with the air of a woman of wealth.

Her husband is by her side, and how well he looks. No one can look at him and think of the poor *habitué* of the Domain fast losing all hope in life. They are as far apart as are the poles asunder, but he could, which he seldom does, tell many a sad story of those he had met in that fair, lovely spot. He visits it sometimes that he may recall to himself the remembrance of God's mercy, and be thankful. He too carries with him the impress of affluence.

Harold looks round for John Millington, but he is not there. He is in Queensland with his young wife, but his sister Mrs. Payten has come to welcome him on their joint behalf.

"You are to stay with us," said Mrs. Moss; "Mrs. Payten and I have almost had a stand-up fight for your possession. She wants you to go to Millington's place, a great empty house like that," with an assumption of huge disdain.

"Now you know I am to keep house for him till Kate and John return," replied the lady in question.

"Friends, I have taken rooms at the Metropole, and I hope you will pardon me for to-night at least. Mrs. Moss, I want to be alone to-night, I want to think," and he gave her a deep look which she perfectly understood.

"So you shall," she said gently, patting his arm; "you shall come to us to-morrow. We will send the carriage for you at two. Come, we'll drive you to the hotel now. It is not far," and she led the way to a very handsome carriage drawn by a splendid pair of horses, sleek and glossy.

"They are Prince and Duke, but not the originals," she said as they stepped in. Mrs. Payten got in with them.

"If you feel dull, go to the Town Hall; there is a grand concert there to-night," said Mr. Moss. "You know we have built a magnificent hall since you left, and have the largest organ in the world. It is worth hearing, I can assure you."

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"We had some idea of going ourselves. A Miss Franklyn is singing, and she is said to be something wonderful," added Mrs. Moss.

"Haven't you heard her?" asked Mrs. Payten.

"Not yet."

"You should. She is simply grand, and so beautiful too. You should go, Mr. Crapp, if only to see an Australian beauty. She is superb," said the lady enthusiastically.

He smiled sadly and glanced at Mrs. Moss, who smiled back in sympathy.

He did indeed feel dull. Whether it was the reaction after the voyage or what he could not tell. He was unmistakably wretched. Had Millington been home he would have telephoned for him. After dinner he sat on the balcony watching the trams pass by, but such a feeling of intense, utter loneliness came over him that he groaned aloud. He was a stranger in a strange land.

"I wish I hadn't come," he exclaimed; "I'll go back by the next boat. I wonder when it leaves." He rang for the paper, and it was brought to him. He opened it, and his eye fell on the announcement of the Town Hall concert. He looked at his watch. It was a quarter to eight. "I'll go and hear this wonderful Australian beauty, and see what she's like. Fortunately one hasn't to dress, and a cab will get me there in time," and in a few moments he was bowling along towards the hall.

A large crowd was passing in, a crowd of well-dressed people, as a colonial crowd always is.

On first entering, the building appeared to be packed, and he had to go right up to the front. He glanced round. No chance of seeing any one here, he thought. The few moments he had to wait for the first number he spent glancing round the hall. What a beautiful building it is, one of the most beautiful of civic chambers.

His thoughts were called back by the commencement of the first item on the programme, an organ solo. The music rose and fell with sweet cadence, now grand and sonorous, filling the vast chamber with glorious harmony, and then sobbing away as if in the far, far distance. A burst

of well-deserved applause followed as the echoes died away. He turned to his programme—"Song, 'Will he come?' Miss Franklyn," he read. Now we shall see and hear this Australian wonder, he thought to himself.

"Miss Franklyn," said a gentleman behind him, "the most beautiful woman in Sydney."

"I know her," said a childish voice; "she sang at our church last Sunday, and I was quite close to her as she came out, and she smiled at me. She's sweet. Here the darling comes."



SHE BOWED, BUT WAS OBLIGED TO GIVE AN ENCORE

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"Now for the prodigy," said Harold to himself. He looked up, and his heart almost ceased to beat. It was the lady he had last seen in dark blue on the wharf six years ago. It was Martha Fielding, dazzlingly beautiful. Her dress was of richest white satin veiled with black lace, glittering with golden sequins. A garland of scarlet roses deep and red crossed her bodice, and one of deepest crimson fastened with rubies rested in the massive coils of her hair. The remembrance of that veil of raven black hanging around her, and the red rose at her throat when she stood on the verandah of "Moonlight" an outraged queen came back to him in vivid distinctness.

She did not see him, though to him she appeared to be in one of her electrical moods, as she used to call them, times when she felt the unseen presence of those in whom she was specially interested. Her voice rang out melodiously through that grand hall, and the immense audience listened in silent rapture, and sighed when those full, liquid sounds had ceased. Then they arose in loud acclaim, and the floral offerings fell in showers around her. She bowed, but it was no use; she was obliged to give an encore. With a pleased, indulgent smile she gave "Beautiful roses," which brought down the house.

When she had retired Harold looked at his programme and saw she was to sing again in the second part. He had no more idea of what the other items were than if he had never been there. He sat simply raging within himself; feeling at times as if he must spring upon the platform and demand his love. "But perhaps she is married," he thought, and he fell back in his seat, a cold damp breaking over him.

Presently she returned, and gave "I cannot say good-bye." As she sang her final notes her eyes fell, and she recognised him. Their eyes met, and they remained looking at one another. She heard not the applause which followed, nor did he. Involuntarily she began "The Blue Alsatian Mountains," and sang it as she never did again. As she left the platform he hurried out of the room. He heard, he thought, some one following him down the aisle, but he heeded not. He went, led by an unseen power, to the artistes' room, and was just entering it when the lovely singer came out, a cloak wrapped around her. But she was stopped by a lady. "Martha;"

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"Mrs. Moss;" but another voice, a manly one, was heard in pained accents, exclaiming, "Martha—Miss Fielding," and turning they saw Harold Crapp standing there ghastly pale, and trembling. Quietly Mrs. Moss drew back and joined her husband in the vestibule, where they sat waiting.

The two stood a moment looking at one another. He took both her hands and said, "Is it Miss Fielding still?"

She bowed her head, a happy smile playing round her lips.

He led her to a seat, and seating himself beside her said, "Martha, I have come back. I have come for you. I have your troth, you know."

"Yes," she replied simply, and he took her hand. Long they sat and talked. Drawing a cutting from a newspaper from his pocket he said, "Darling, what did this mean?"

She laughed merrily as she read it. "How did you get it?" she asked.

"Rutter gave it me, and when I returned it him he threw it on the verandah, so I have kept it until now."

"Did you get the other piece?"

"What piece?"

"The fuller account."

"No. It was not sent to Rutter. This came to him anonymously."

"I sent them both to poor Sophy, and I suppose she thought she would play him a trick. Did you believe it?"

"Mrs. Moss would not let me," he said earnestly.

"She is an angel if ever there was one. She was here just now. Where is she gone?" suddenly remembering the lady.

"Oh, she is all right. Why did you see the *Peshawur* off that day years ago?" asked this very suspicious young man.

She blushed furiously and looked down. "I saw your name in the published list of passengers, so I went to see you off," she replied simply.

"I am going away again."

"So soon?" she whispered.

"Yes, dearest, and you are going with me. You have promised to marry me, and you must fulfil that promise to-night."

"To-night?" she replied in pleased surprise. This strong-minded, strong-willed woman rejoiced to find that he whom she loved knew how to rule, and she joyfully bent herself to his will.

"Yes, we can be married to-night, that's the best of this country, one needn't waste



THEY SAW HAROLD CRAPP THERE, PALE AND TREMBLING

John Austin's Will

time over the matter. I'll hunt up a parson. I won't lose you again, darling."

"But how about my dress? I cannot be married in this. It is black, you see," and her eyes sparkled with mischievousness.

"Bother the dress. Take off the black, although you look lovely in it, and have just triumphed in it."

"But I must have a bridesmaid and you a groomsman," and she laughed softly and merrily.

"If I mistake not, Mr. and Mrs. Moss are sitting there," pointing to the corner of a lady's dress at the doorway. "We could not have any one we would wish more than they to perform those offices for us."

"Very well, just as you wish, 'Barkis is willin','" and she arose and made him a saucy curtsy.

He caught her in his arms and kissed her.

"You wicked man," she cried, struggling to disengage herself from his embrace. "If any one sees us all Sydney will be scandalised." They both laughed at the idea, and with hearts throbbing with happiness went in search of their friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Moss arose, their faces glowing with joy. They could see at once what had happened, and were ready with their heartiest congratulations.

"Mrs. Moss, you are the centre of romances. You carry them wherever you go. We have a pleasing surprise for you. Will you be my bridesmaid?"

"Indeed I will," she exclaimed joyfully. "Although you ought not to have an old married woman for such. Besides, you should have four if not six *dames d'honneur*. Austral's beauty demands it."

"No, I will have no one else than yourself," replied Martha. "I shall be a bride who has known and tried her bridesmaid, and knows how true she is," and she kissed her friend warmly.

"When is it to be?" asked Mr. Moss.

"To-night," answered Harold joyously.

"That is grand," said Mrs. Moss, all her romantic nature stirred to the deepest depths. "Where is it to be?"

"At the Metropole. That's nearest. I'm off for the parson now. You will go to the hotel?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Moss. "Our carriage is at the door."

"I ought not to be married in black, ought I?" said Martha Fielding as they drove along.

"No, certainly not. But you can take that black veiling off in two minutes, and we will get some orange blossom to take the place of those roses, and there you will be all fixed up, though the roses suit you splendidly. What a romantic wedding it will be, to be sure. You will receive the wedding presents after the event. Are you going away for the honeymoon?"

"I really don't know. I have left everything in Harold's hands," she replied in a tone of supreme happiness.

"You shall have our place at Potts' Point if you like, dear. Harry and I will run out to aunt's."

"Thank you very much, but we must hear what Harold says. I expect he has arranged it all."

The inmates of the Hotel Metropole were in a state of pleasurable excitement when it was whispered abroad that a marriage was to take place there that night, and that the bride was to be the beautiful Miss Franklyn.

Harold had some difficulty in getting a clergyman to perform the ceremony. One of the cathedral clergy had been at the concert, and the young gentleman appealed to him. At first he hesitated, but when he heard the outlines of the story he consented. "You go on to the hotel, Mr. Crapp, and I will fix all matters up, and join you there," laughing heartily at his unintended pun.

The Post-Office clock was striking the hour of midnight when the bridal party entered the large reception-room which had been hastily prepared for the ceremony. At first it was intended that this should take place in one of the private sitting-rooms, but so many of the guests staying at the hotel, several of whom had been at the concert, begged to be allowed to be present, that Harold consented to its being held in the larger room.

"Let it be as public as possible," urged Mrs. Moss, and he would have done anything to oblige her.

A repast was spread in the dining-hall and the customary toasts were drunk. After the guests had gone Mrs. Moss asked, "What are your movements? Where shall you go for your trip?"

"To-morrow, or, that is, to-day"—seeing the grey of dawn was streaming in through the windows—"we leave by the nine-five train for Talworth. We are going to Narenita for a fortnight. You said you

would like to visit it, darling," turning to his wife.

"Indeed I should. I have not been there since I left it with mother and the girls years ago."

"Then that is all right. On our way back we shall stay a couple of weeks at Gosford. So it will be a month at least before we return to Sydney."

"Mind you come to us. Be sure and let me know when you are likely to arrive, as you must hold your reception at Ashcroft Hall the day after your arrival. Give me plenty of notice, and send on a list of friends you would like to be present, Matt. You make our place your home until you decide upon one of your own."

"Indeed you must," added her husband, and the newly-wedded pair were content to leave it so.

"Whatever will John Millington say when he hears of it?" said Mr. Moss as Harold Crapp stood at the window of their carriage wishing them good-bye.

"I wonder. Will you write and tell him?" he replied.

"Yes, I'll write to catch to-day's mail."

"And I will write from Narenita," and he waved his hand in farewell.

"Whoever would have thought it?" remarked Mrs. Moss, leaning back in the carriage. "It's like a wonderful dream, or a page from a startling romance. We came out to a concert, met a long-lost friend, and attended a wedding. It has all come out grandly; just as it should have done," and she heaved a sigh of thankfulness and relief.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—"I DISCOVERED THAT WHICH PUZZLED SYDNEY'S GREATEST LAWYER"

THE house and grounds of Ashcroft Hall are the most splendid of all Sydney's beautiful residences. The house is situated on a slope overlooking the waters of the harbour at Potts' Point. The grounds, most extensive, go down by a series of terraces and lawns to the water's edge, where a handsome swimming-bath and boat-shed occupy one corner of the sandy beach. Shade-trees, kiosks, and pretty arbours are dotted all over the place, the scene from which by day is enchanting, and by night like a glimpse into fairy-land.

All was brilliantly lighted up one lovely night a little over a month after the romantic marriage at the Hotel Metropole.

Lamps of various colours hung from the trees, and in graceful festoons from one part to the other. A large electric-light on the tower of the house threw its light down on the lawns with an effect almost like moonlight. Carriages kept rolling through the massive gates, and the strains of music fell harmoniously on the evening air. Sydney's chief society had gathered to do honour to Sydney's queen of song and her illustrious husband.

The bride and bridegroom arrived from Gosford the day previously, and were now waiting to receive their friends. All the beauty and honoured of the city were present—members of Parliament, men and women of letters, those high in the professions, with a sprinkling of the clergy, among whom was the divine who had performed the midnight ceremony. Every one was interested in the young couple in whose honour the gathering was taking place. The papers of the day following devoted columns to it, and it became the topic of universal conversation.

John Millington and his wife were there. They had arrived from the northern colony only that morning, and were anxious to meet their old friends. As they drove along he remarked to his wife, "I wonder if Crapp has altered much. Mrs. Moss did not say in her letter."

"How romantic their meeting, and marriage!" replied Kate.

"I suppose we shall have to wait ever so long before we can get a word with them. That is the worst of these receptions," he grumbled.

He was now a prominent and eminent member of his profession, and also one of the foremost men in Parliament. In fact, his business in Queensland had been on matters of State. Both he and Kate have altered more than the rest of our friends. The lady is sweet-looking and matronly, as becomes a mother of two children, and very few would recognise in her the weeping girl who at Redfern railway-station started on that memorable trip to Narenita that sad, sad day. She now looks so contented and happy, while all her surroundings declare she is a person of affluence. Her brother, now studying at the university, is at the reception, wondering what delays her; also Eileen, the newly-wedded wife of the doctor who befriended them in the day of their adversity, is present with her husband.

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John Millington has the appearance of a prosperous, wealthy man of intellectual power and ability. That old quickness of manner still characterises him, but there is a bearing which proclaims that he is a man of position.

Mr. and Mrs. Greenlands are there also. They arrived in the city for their annual holiday the very day following the Crapp-Franklyn wedding, and are now staying at Ashcroft Hall. They do not look a day older. The eucalyptus-laden air of the Australian bush is one of Nature's best preservatives of human life and appearance.

At this moment the bands stationed on the lawn strike up "God save the Queen," and the vice-regal carriage rolls up the drive; his Excellency and Lady Cameron have arrived.

A couple of hours later a group is sitting on the upper terrace, consisting of Lord and Lady Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Crapp, the host and hostess, John and Kate Millington, and Mr. and Mrs. Greenlands. They are enjoying the delightfully refreshing breezes from the bay.

"I seem to know that man there," said John Millington to his host, indicating one

of the waiters in attendance upon the party.

"I should think you did," replied Mrs. Moss. "That is Candler. We found him in circumstances of great distress, and gave him a helping hand. He makes an excellent servant and is very quiet."

"He would need to be, for he was a terrible blatherskite in the days gone by."

"Mrs. Moss," said his Excellency, "Mr. Millington tells me you can give me the story connected with that portrait in the Wills Office. Everybody takes it for the portrait of some dead-and-gone official."

"Mr. Austin's portrait, or Mr. Ashcroft's rather," replied the lady. "Every one speaks of him as John Austin, and he preferred the name. It was his mother's, it seems," and she briefly told the story of the will. "You see," she said in conclusion, "I discovered that which puzzled Sydney's greatest lawyer," and she looked with a playful expression at her young legal friend.

"What a terrible flatterer you are!" he replied, smiling.

THE END



Photo by G. G. Kent

THE OLD SEXTON

'Old Mortality' and Sir Walter Scott

BY JAMES A. S. BARRETT, M.A.



THE REV. NATHANIEL PATERSON, D.D., GRANDSON
OF OLD MORTALITY

From the portrait by John Napier of London, in the possession of Miss Paterson, Edinburgh; the photograph was taken specially for this article.

"THE iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy," said Sir Thomas Browne, as he reflected on the strange chances by which the memory of men is perpetuated or allowed to pass into forgetfulness. But surely Fate dealt revengefully, rather than blindly, in the case of Robert Paterson, whose forty years of labour in repairing and cleaning tombstones she rewarded with an unlettered grave. "Old Mortality," the popular designation by which Robert Paterson was widely known in the south of Scotland during his lifetime, has been rendered famous over half the world by the genius of Sir Walter Scott; but the date of the real hero's birth, and even the place of his death, are to this day matters which admit of discussion—"more than romance, yet less than history." However, leaving all doubtful details to Dr. Dryasdust, let us glance at the main facts concerning this interesting old itinerant, and take a cursory view of his life-history, of his meeting

with Scott, and of the fortunes of some members of his family who lived to make their merit known.

Robert Paterson, the son of Walter Paterson, farmer, and of Margaret Scott, was born in a small cottage at Haggisha', near Hawick, probably in the year 1715 or 1716. About the age of twenty-seven he married Elizabeth Gray, who had been cook to Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, Dumfriesshire; and the couple were started in life by the kindness of Sir Thomas, who obtained on their behalf a lease of the free-stone quarry at Gatelawbrigg in the parish of Morton. Here Paterson built a house for himself, and owned ground, it is said, sufficient for the keep of a horse and a cow; and here he worked as a builder and hewer, making also repeated trips into the neighbouring districts for the purpose of erecting and carving gravestones which he supplied from his quarry. A man of strong religious convictions, he became a member of the sect called Cameronians, or Reformed Presbyterians. Energetic and independent, he must have been also plain-spoken and blunt, as it is said that the Highlanders, on their return northwards in 1745-6, were so enraged by his denunciation of them and of their cause, that they placed him under arrest.



THE REV. NATHANIEL PATERSON, D.D.
Being the frontispiece of the *Letters to his Family*,
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'Old Mortality' and Sir Walter Scott

Paterson's religious interests led him to show especial zeal in supplying, or repairing, tombstones on the graves of the Covenanters in the districts of Dumfries, Galloway, and Ayr; and many traces of his work may still be seen. In the course of his trips he appears to have been absent from his family for long periods, and to have sent but few remittances for their support, until gradually zeal in his self-imposed task of perpetuating the memory of the martyred Covenanters led him to absent himself

Hospitality appears to have been freely given to Paterson, especially in the manse and in the houses of the Cameronian families; and, where that was lacking, he could doubtless supply his small wants by undertaking work on the gravestones of families of the local lairds or others who might employ him. An Account, found in his pocket-book after his death, and copied for Scott by his friend Mr. Train, the supervisor of excise at Dumfries, is worth quoting here:—



Photo by J. Watson, Stonehaven, by permission

DUNNOTAR CASTLE, IN WHICH IS THE "WHIGS' VAULT"

entirely from home. About the year 1758 his wife despatched her son Walter, a boy of ten or twelve years, to search for her husband. The lad found his father at work on the Cameronian monuments in the old graveyard of Kirkchrist, across the river from Kirkcudbright, but failed to induce him to return. Ten years later Mrs. Paterson and her family, either on their own initiative, or with the assistance of the father (as one member of the family reported), removed to Balmaclellan, near New Galloway, and there Mrs. Paterson made a respectable livelihood by keeping a small school.

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"Gatchouse of Fleet, 4th February, 1796.

Robert Paterson, debtor to Margaret Chrystale.

To drye Lodginge for seven weeks . . .	£0 4 1
To four Auchlet of Ait Meal	0 3 4
To six Lippies of Potatoes	0 1 3
To Lent Money at the time of Mr. Reid's Sacrament	0 6 0
To three Chappins of Yell with Sandy the Keelman	0 0 9

£0 15 5

Received in part . . . 0 10 0

Unpaid. £0 5 5

Apart from Scott's report, in which fiction is probably blended with fact, we have little means of learning what were

'Old Mortality' and Sir Walter Scott

the objects and thoughts which occupied the mind of Old Mortality during the forty years of his purposeful pilgrimage, while he journeyed from place to place, making the south of Scotland, in more senses than one, a "theatre of Mortality." Did this most prolific author of "Lines written in a Country Churchyard," we wonder, himself compose any memorable epitaphs? While protecting tombs from the tooth of

"envious time," did he hold high converse with the pious dead, or meditate on the "gigantic note of interrogation in regard to the future," which is the conclusion of every epitaph? Did he ever, perchance in some minister's house, read in the "Urn-burial" of Sir Thomas Browne, or the "Cypress Grove" of classic Hawthornden? Was his heart profoundly stirred by the story of some Covenanting hero, or "village Hampden," who had fought obscurely but nobly for the "good old cause"? Or, lastly, did he console himself with friends in this his pilgrimage, and find a welcome at many a hearth? Alas, alas! "It's gey an' easy



Photo by J. Watson, Stonehaven

THE COVENANTERS' TOMB AT STONEHAVEN

spierin'," as Stevenson says; but, on the character and inner life-history of Old Mortality, oblivion has all too effectively "scattered her poppy."

The circumstances that occasioned his meeting with Scott may be briefly narrated. About the year 1685, when "Bloody Claverhouse" had made his name a byword and a terror, the Privy Council of Scotland, dreading a general rising in the south and west, ordered the arrest of the Covenanters, who, from their religious and political convictions, constituted a danger to the Government. Many persons, men and women, from Galloway and the south, had been imprisoned in Edinburgh; and these, in order that they might be out of the way, were driven in charge of a guard of soldiers to Dunnottar Castle, near Aberdeen, in an anti-covenanting district. Of these unfortunates, imprisoned in the "Whigs' Vault" in Dunnottar Castle, some were banished to New Jersey, and some died in captivity. About the fortunes of the former there hangs an interesting tale—but that, as Kipling says, "is another story." To the memory of the captives who died at Dunnottar there was erected a tombstone, which may still be seen in the churchyard at Stonehaven.

When perambulating the south of Scotland, Robert Paterson must often

HERE LYES JOHN STOUT JAMES SATCHI
SON JAMES RUSSELL & WILLIAM BRO
UN AND ONE WHOSE NAME WE HAVE
NOT COTTEN AND TWO WOMEN WHOSE
NAME S ALSO WE KNOW NOT AND TWO
WHO PERISHED COMING DOWNE THE ROCK
ONE WHOSE NAME WAS JAMES WATSON
THE OTHER NOT KNOWN WHO ALL DIED
PRISONERS IN DUNNOTTAR CASTLE
ANNO 1685 FOR THEIR ADHERENCE
TO THE WORD OF GOD AND SCOTLANDS
COVENANTED WORK OF REFORMA
TION. REV. 11 CH 12 VERSE

Photo by J. Watson

INSCRIPTION ON THE COVENANTERS' TOMB, STONEHAVEN

'Old Mortality' and Sir Walter Scott

have had his feelings roused by tales of the barbarities endured by those who suffered in the "Whigs' Vault." Either at the request of the descendants of some of these persons (a not improbable supposition), or of his own accord to complete his pious work, Old Mortality quitted his usual haunts and travelled into a distant part of the country, to clean and repair the famous memorial. At the same time, about 1793, it so happened that Scott was visiting at Meikle, in Forfarshire, the seat of Patrick Murray, whence he made a brief excursion to Stonehaven for the purpose of examining the ruins of Dunnottar Castle. Strolling out of the manse one day, along with his host the minister, Scott observed Old Mortality busily engaged at his wonted task, and has recorded his appearance in the introductory chapter of the novel. The description (which, as Scott elsewhere informs the reader, is true to life) is as follows:—"A blue bonnet of unusual dimensions covered the grey hairs of the pious workman. His dress was a large old-fashioned coat of the coarse cloth called *hoddin-grey*, usually worn by the elder peasants, with waistcoat and breeches of the same; and the whole suit, though still in decent repair, had obviously seen a train of long service. Strong clouted shoes, studded with hobnails, and *gramoches* or *leggins*, made of thick black cloth, completed his equipment. Beside him, fed among the graves a pony, the companion of his journey, whose extreme whiteness, as well as its projecting bones and hollow eyes, indicated its antiquity. It was harnessed in the most simple manner, with a pair of branks, a hair tether, or halter, and a *sunk*, or cushion of straw, instead of bridle and saddle. A canvas pouch hung round the neck of the animal—for the purpose, probably, of containing the rider's tools, and anything else he might have occasion to carry with him. Although I had never seen the old man before, yet, from the singularity of his employment, and the style of his equipage, I had no difficulty in recognising a religious itinerant, whom I had often heard talked of, and who was known in various parts of Scotland by the title of 'Old Mortality.'" Later in the day Scott appears to have tried to get into conversation with Paterson; but even the glass of whisky in the manse, to which he was invited, did not unlock his lips. His spirit, says Scott, had been sorely vexed by hearing the psalmody directed by a pitch-pipe

in some Aberdeen kirk; and he had no freedom for conversation.

What a subject for the canvas! The country churchyard, with its ash-trees and tombstones, the figure of Mr. Walker the parish minister, the young barrister from Edinburgh ("a chiel's amang you takin' notes, and, faith, he'll prent it"), the worn monument with its significant versicle of Scottish history, and the thickly-clad figure of the old itinerant, interrupted in his task, and doubtless giving brief scornful answers to Scott's merely secular questions. Yet, had Robert Paterson but known the importance of that occasion, and how it might have been his "one crowded hour of glorious life" (Cameronianism, as it were, sitting for its portrait), would not his lips have been unlocked and his heart have poured forth all its lore?

A few years later, 14th February, 1801, when Old Mortality had returned to his former haunts in the south, Death met him on the roadside—at Bankhill, near Lockerbie; or, more probably, as Dr. Laing thought, at Bankend in the parish of Caerlaverock.

Some people saw the old man approaching, riding uneasily, then falling from his pony; when they had reached the spot, and had carried him into a house, he spoke a few words, told who he was and where his sons lived, and in a short time all was over. Intimation was sent to his sons at Balmaclellan, but, owing to the depth of snow at the time, none of his relatives were able to arrive in time for the funeral; nor, in after years, could the exact place of his burial be discovered by either Sir Walter Scott or his friend Mr. Train. In 1855 his name was inscribed on the family tombstone at Balmaclellan. But in 1869 the Messrs. A. and C. Black, who own the copyright of the Waverley Novels, considering that satisfactory proof could be shown of his having been interred in the churchyard of Caerlaverock, set there a headstone to his memory. Statues have been erected to Old Mortality at Balmaclellan and Maxwelltown, and at Philadelphia, U.S.A.; and in 1897 tablets were placed on his humble birthplace—the cottage at Haggisha'.

Turning now to consider the genesis of the novel called after Old Mortality, let us look into Scott's study at No. 39 North Castle Street, Edinburgh, on a morning in May 1816. Mr. Train, the friend from Dumfries, has come to town, bringing with

'Old Mortality' and Sir Walter Scott

him several Scottish curios and further gleanings from the "realm of old-world story." He calls at Scott's house, and finds him at work in the famous *sanctum*. Soon they fall to discussing a picture of Claverhouse that hung in its accustomed place over the mantelpiece. "Might he (Claverhouse) not," said Mr. Train, "be made, in good hands, the hero of a national romance?" "He might," said Scott, "but your western zealots would require to be faithfully portrayed in order to bring him out with the right effect." "And what," resumed Mr. Train, "if the story were to

(sic), wealthy merchant of Baltimore, whose daughter Elizabeth in 1803 married Jerome Bonaparte, Napoleon's youngest brother and king of Westphalia. But an examination of the will of Mr. Patterson, the father of Madame Bonaparte, has established the fact that his Christian name was William, not John, and that he was a native of Tanat, County Donegal, Ireland. Old Mortality's descendants, however, were destined to rise, not by the fortuitous circumstance of relationship, but by the slow recognition of worth. One of his grandsons, Nathaniel by name, after a course of study



OLD MORTALITY

By Mr. Tom Hunt, R.S.W.; reproduced from Mr. George Napier's *The Homes and Haunts of Scott*, by permission of Mr. Napier, the owner of the original painting.

be delivered as if from the mouth of Old Mortality? Would he not do as well as the Minstrel did in the Lay?" Thus it was that the picture of Claverhouse occasioned the writing of *Old Mortality* (which Tennyson considered to be Scott's greatest novel); and that Mr. Train's remark, afterwards followed up by the forwarding of all particulars he could learn regarding Robert Paterson, led to the story's being named after, and, as it were, put into the mouth of, Old Mortality.

Robert Paterson had three sons, Robert, Walter and John. And it was long believed that his son John, who emigrated to Baltimore about 1776, was the Mr. Patterson

at Edinburgh University, became minister at Galashiels in 1821. As the friend of Sir Walter Scott he frequently visited Abbotsford, and was likewise visited by George Thomson, the "Dominie Sampson" of *Guy Mannering*. In 1833 he was transferred to St. Andrew's parish, Glasgow, where, after the Disruption, he formed, and faithfully ministered to, the congregation of Free St. Andrew's, being widely respected and beloved; and in 1850 he was appointed Moderator of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland. A great walker, and a keen angler, he also took considerable interest in mechanics, and has been regarded as the inventor of a form of life-boat. But

'Old Mortality' and Sir Walter Scott

throughout the length and breadth of Scotland he was best known as the author of *The Manse Garden*. That little book, written at Galashiels, and published anonymously (lest the reverend author, as the Preface quaintly states, should seem to be giving more thought to his own garden than to the Lord's vineyard), has passed through many editions, and may still be read with pleasure and profit. Just as the well-known saying of the Laird of Dumbiedykes ("Jock, when ye hae naething else to dae, ye may aye be sticking in a tree; it'll be growing, Jock, when ye're sleeping." Scott's *Heart of Midlothian*) led to increased planting of trees in Scotland, so Dr. Paterson's little volume, in which he praised the holly for its beauty and shelter—thinking probably of the fine holly hedge in his own

"manse garden" at Galashiels—led to an unprecedented demand for that hardy and ornamental evergreen.

Dr. Nathaniel Paterson died in 1871; and his *Letters to his Family*, with a Memoir, were published in 1874. In the remarkable photograph of him, prefixed to that volume, readers may surely believe that they discern some lineaments of Old Mortality, reproduced in his grandson's noble countenance. A brother of Nathaniel was minister at Kirkurd in Peeblesshire, and author of the *Legend of Iona*.

Such, in outline, is the story of the old Cameronian Robert Paterson, who dotted the south of Scotland with stony records of noble lives,—martyrs on whom the simple epitaphs confer a distinction beyond the "boast of heraldry."

Vallombrosa

AN AUTUMN JOURNEY IN ITALY

BY MADAME SOPHIA V. BOMPIANI

THE legends of nearly a thousand years linger about the woods of Vallombrosa. There the monks of the Middle Ages founded a monastery which existed until the year 1880, and there poets and philosophers have loved to retire from the turmoil of a busy world. On a height of the Apennines in a valley of the Protomagno is the *Vallis Umbrosiae*—the shady valley—Vallombrosa; rendered celebrated by a single mention in Milton's immortal

Paradise Lost. There are forests of pines, tall and dark green on the top, the straight, bare trunks looking like the columns of a noble temple. This is

"the solemn solitude
Of Vallombrosa's antique wood"

sung by T. Buchanan Read in his beautiful poem *Brushwood*. Ampère, in the *Voyage Dantesque*, thinks it strange that the great Italian poet was never here; although he finds no reference to Vallombrosa in the *Divina Commedia* nor in the Lyrics of Dante. But that poem is rich in descriptions of the mountains of the Casentino near, where it is certain that Dante spent much time in his youth and afterwards when exiled from Florence. On the level plain of Casentino is the battlefield of Campaldino, where Dante in his twenty-fourth year fought as a Guelph. The highest mountain there is the Falterona, from the summit of which, in the bitterness of his soul, the exile cursed the whole valley of the Arno and the beautiful city which



PARADISINO

he was never to re-enter. The *Inferno*, *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso* are full of references to this region. On the western slope of the Falterona at 1062 feet above the sea, in the centre of a hollow, wells up a perennial, clear, cold spring of water which is the source of the river Arno. This is the

"fiumicel che nasce in Falterona
E cento miglia di corso nol sazia."

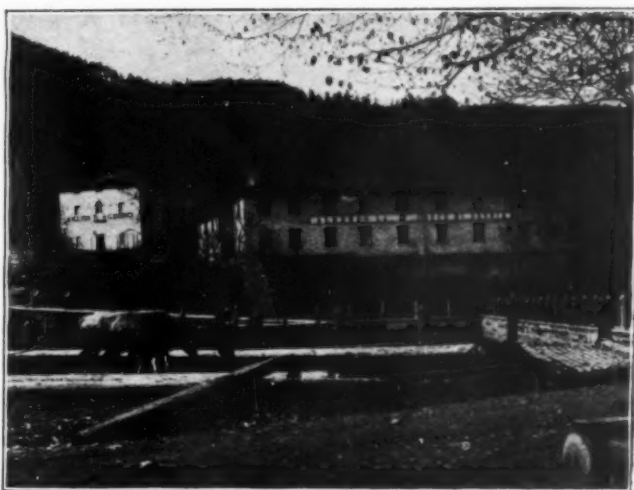
The seventeenth Canto of *Purgatorio* begins with a description of a mountain fog, just such as those which are now so common there—

"Ricorditi letter se mai nelle Alpe
Ti colse nebbia."

Dante and his master, Virgil, surprised towards evening by the thick, wet vapour, issue out of it as it becomes faintly lit by the sun's declining rays, and see the valleys already dark while the mountain peaks catch the light. I remember the exquisite beauty of a mountain fog in September at Vallombrosa. Down in the valley of the Arno, where we were used to see towns scattered here and there on the hills, nothing could be seen but a misty, frozen-like lake, white as a glacier, which the mountains held in their arms. There it stayed for hours, a lovely vision until melted away by the warm sun. Then the towns came out again, each on its own hill or in its own valley. Waves on waves of billowy mountains stretched away before the delighted eye from the little summer-house in front of the hotel, once the guest-house of the monastery, where we gathered to pass an idle hour in company and watch the sun at evening sink behind the pines. Lazily we gazed at the red sky; the long streamers of light penetrating the aisles of the thick forest; at the shadows settling on the valley; at the distant spires and towers softly disappearing as night settled down, and at the coming out of moon and stars. This is a place for repose. The pure air scented with the pines invigorates the body, and Nature's beauty calms and

refreshes the soul. The ancient *Foresteria* or guest-house is now the hotel Croce di Savoia. It is a long, low building about two hundred years old, like the church and the convent. In the corner room first floor the Honourable George P. Marsh, for many years United States Minister to Italy, breathed his last, and his body was carried down the mountain, there being then no train, by the students of the Forestry Institute.

The inhabitants of the place believe that Milton visited Vallombrosa, and even that he wrote there *Paradise Lost*, dictating it in his blindness to his daughters. But apart from the fact that he visited Italy in



THE ANCIENT GUEST-HOUSE, AND THE POND WHERE
THE FISH WERE FOUND

his youth and was known in Rome as a frequenter of the house of Leonora Baroni, who sang to her own accompaniment on the harp and is buried in the church of the Scala Santa, where her epitaph may be seen on a mural tablet, it is doubtful whether Milton ever visited Vallombrosa. It is true that the lines of Book I, *Paradise Lost*—

"Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades
High over-arched imbower,"

have contributed much to the celebrity of the place. But he might have heard of its shady forests while in Florence, and the expression, "thick as autumnal leaves," is not adapted to the forests of pines, with

Vallombrosa

their pin-like leaves that fall like rain upon the ground, making a soft, thick, odorous carpet, but not a rustling mass of dry leaves, such as fall red and yellow from maples and beeches, oaks and elms in other forests. Perhaps this idea came also from the name of a small building two hundred years old, once also a *Foresteria* of the monastery, perched on the summit of a hill above the hotel. This is called the Paradisino or little Paradise, and you can never persuade a Vallombrosian that Milton has not been there, or that he did not there write *Paradise Lost*. It is a small, low, white house, with little square windows and a stone porch in front, from which you see the whole valley of the Arno. A real home-sick longing for Florence came over me as I saw the beautiful city lying there in the hollow of the mountains, so clear in the autumn sunlight that the dome of the cathedral Santa Maria del Fiore, ordered by the early Florentines to be made by the architect "the most beautiful church in the world," and the jewel-like tower of Giotto were visible although so far away. Two glass windows in some other cupola or bell-tower shone like diamonds, reflecting their light up to where I stood in the little Paradise. Far away on its route, from the spring on the top of Falterona through the Casentino to Florence, Pisa and the sea, I saw the Arno, a broad, yellowish strip of uneven width, still up on the mountains and looking like neither land nor water. Truly the young lady who came all the way from Wales to enjoy Vallombrosa was not wrong in calling little Paradise a "heavenly spot." There she spent her holiday, delighting in the unobstructed view at morning, noon and evening of the broad valley and the surrounding Apennines, and only leaving that eyry when the advanced season closed the house and sent her down to the larger building. She is an anti-vivisectionist, setting forth at all times the wickedness of cruelty to animals, and telling of the Professor in Florence who in ten years killed and tortured seventy thousand animals for the good of humanity. She is also a graduate of Oxford University, and for amusement sits out in her light wicker chair in the middle of the open meadow studying algebra. But for all this she does not disdain, being one of a wealthy English family, to wear beautiful dresses and splen-

did diamond rings. Ours was a motley company of Italians, and of English and American residents in Italy. There was the General from Naples, a tall, soldierly-looking man, but shorn of all his splendour without the uniform. He was a bridegroom, having only three months before married the widow of his friend, another General, and she had a young lady daughter.

There was ex-Lady M., who fifteen years ago married an Italian baron, ex-officer in the navy, and with him immediately left the busy haunts of men and women and bought an old palace at Monte Circeo on the Mediterranean coast, happy there as a queen, with all the country sights and sounds and loves around her. But time proved that early habits and associations were too strong both for her and the baron, and they have gone to live again in Rome. With her was a young lady niece from England, every muscle of whose lithe body served her for long excursions over the mountains of the Consuma and Pratolino and Camaldoli. Even the guide was outdone by her capacity for walking, and confessed himself conquered when she dragged him fifty miles in two days to Camaldoli and La Verna and back. There was also the Roman archæologist, with his American wife and his daughter. He was always seen early in the morning out in the summer-house preparing some of those interesting articles on Roman topography which have made his name famous. Seventy-one days he had been at Vallombrosa breathing the pure mountain air, and exercising towards evening on the meadow with bat and ball. There was also the ex-singer, an American lady who has had great success on the stage in St. Petersburg and in South America, but is now married for the second time to a rich Italian, and lives in the villa in the Barberini Gardens at Rome. Poor mother! she sings no more now, for her daughter, seventeen years old (an American girl), dying of consumption, occupies all her thoughts. She can scarcely keep back her tears as she sees the wasting away of the beloved daughter, who is hardly able to stand and walks with trembling steps.

There is the lady writer for numberless magazines and newspapers, taking notes and occupying in the fresh morning the other summer-house, as absorbed over her writing as the archæologist is over his.

There also are two New Yorkers, husband

Vallombrosa

and wife, he seventy-eight years old and she much younger, who have lived twenty-two years in Florence, but sometimes spend their winters in Rome. He is a lover of the fine arts, and a poet. They have rooms in the Villino Medici, on a little hill near the hotel, and come in to meals, and in the evening to form part of the social circle.

In the house, visible only when his duties call him out of his little den, called the Bureau, is a famous German philosopher

in the Florentine Chronicles of Giovanni Villani. Dono or Domino Alto, a venerable bishop of Pistoia, also wrote a quaint life of the monk, telling how he forgave a man who had killed his brother. Meeting his enemy in a narrow street near San Miniato in Florence on a Good Friday, Gualberto remembered what day it was, and forgave him when he saw the man stretching out his arms in the form of a cross and imploring pardon. For this, Christ upon a crucifix



THE MONASTERY OF VALLOMBROSA, NOW THE FORESTRY INSTITUTE

of the Positive school, who in the summer months condescends to direct the establishment, and the rest of the year enjoys the quiet of the mountain almost alone. He is known in Germany as the Hermit of Vallombrosa.

Last of all, and only for two days, was a youthful German astronomer, a gentle boy, who yet had left a little lady-love behind him, and was going to Chicago for astronomical study.

The history of Saint Giovanni Gualberto, who founded a monastery on this spot nearly a thousand years ago, may be read

inclined His head and gave him grace to retire from the world and to become a monk; first at Miniato and afterwards, being displeased with the corrupt character of the abbot there, at Camaldoli, and finally at Vallombrosa. Many wonderful things are told by this Dono Alto of San Gualberto; of his rigorous fasts and great humility; of the miracles he performed and the growth of the monastery at Vallombrosa. The "servant of God," Giovanni, took so little food and drink that he seemed not to eat or drink, but only to avoid dying of hunger and thirst. When he felt thirst

Vallombrosa

out of the hours for meals he assuaged it by putting his hands and feet in cold water. He grew so weak from fasting that his teeth at last were locked together, so that to put anything in his mouth it was necessary to force them open with a knife. In consequence of this sanctity he was chosen by the friars of Vallombrosa and the Abbess Ita, who gave much wealth to the monastery, for abbot, and when in his great humility he refused the honour, they took him by force from bed and placed him in the abbot's chair.

Once when a Pope with numerous attendants came to the monastery to rest and there was no food for them, Father Giovanni ordered the cook to fish in a pond near, where no fish had ever been found. What was the wonder of the servant to find and draw out struggling from the water two large pike! The venerable Padre Messere San Giovanni took them gladly, and immediately ordered them to be prepared for "Messere lo papa."

It were too long to tell of the many "miracles" he performed; of the bread that was brought to him by a marvellous youth when he had given all he had away to the poor; of the leper whom he sent to wash in the Arno and then saved from drowning.

Half-way up the rocky stairs to the Paradisino, at the first landing where after climbing half dizzy you sit down on the friendly stone to rest, is an inscription in the grey rock telling of one of these miracles wrought by Saint Gualberto. And there below it, little by little you perceive a stretched-out figure wrought in the mountain rock; first a face, then arms and hands holding tight to the breast a cross, then the long flowing tunic of the friar.

In the year 1880 the Italian Government, finding that the cowed friars wore sacks, "pieni di farina ria," as Dante expresses it in the twenty-second Canto of *Paradiso*, and that their idleness and corruption were an evil to the place, converted the great convent built two hundred years before, with its long, wide halls opening on either side into many cell-like rooms, into a school for forestry, leaving the adjacent church as it was. The fat, long-bearded, brown-togaed, bare-footed monks, who said their prayers and sang their psalms day and night in the church and did little else all the year, gave place to young men, straight and strong as the pines in the forests about them.

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Hard study, measured food and wine took the place of lazy repetitions and an idle, luxurious life. There are now collections of the woods of the various trees; of the seeds; of the plants; of the birds, the beasts and reptiles in and about Vallombrosa. The great kitchen, with its low, square, ancient fire-place, and an immense chimney-cap hanging over all in the middle; and the old dining-room, with its pictured tree, every leaf and branch of which bears the face of some old abbot of the monastery, now resound to the gay voices of young men.

While we were at Vallombrosa three hundred pine trees, each one hundred years old, were condemned to be cut down. If left too long these trees decay and fall, and it is necessary to make this selection at stated periods. Their places are supplied by new trees set out every year in gardens on the mountain sides and tended by the students of the Forestry Institute. The Minister of Agriculture goes up to Vallombrosa every year to honour this planting, and give his name to the garden of that year. The fall of these monarchs of the forest resounded like the breaking of the waves upon the sea-shore, or like a cannon-shot in the bombardment of a city. I went to the forest every morning to see the woodmen with their heavy axes cut one side of the tree, until at last it yielded and fell with a great crash on the other side. These are those tall pines

"whose only boughs
Are gathered round their dusky brows."

To see one down on the ground, with the branches broken and the green boughs trembling after that great fall, wakens pity in a tender heart as if it were a human being.

"See," said the young peasant woman standing by me, "so must we all end." This thought touched me so that I went up and stroked the boughs as tenderly as if they could feel and understand my pity. Then from compassionating these fallen trees I turned to pity the two poor women waiting there to gather into faggots the chips of the bark quickly stripped off by the woodmen. "Signora," they said, "we are so poor. This wood is all we have in winter, when it is so cold up here and the snow is three feet high. Nothing grows here; nothing but the pines; the mountain is so high." Although



COURT OF THE CHURCH, ADJOINING THE MONASTERY

both were so young and delicate-looking, one had a husband and two children, and the other was an orphan and a widow, with two children and an old mother-in-law dependent on the little she could do. Then,

“her brush-load shadowing her face,
Her upright figure full of grace,”

my peasant friend of the forest, who could draw a lesson and a moral from a fallen tree as well as any cultured graduate of universities, went away to the low cabin where her days are spent in mountain poverty. “Oh, Signora!” she had said, as she looked at my travelling dress that seemed so shabby to me, “what a beautiful dress!”



The Hay Harvest in the High Alps

BY ALICE J. GRAVESON

HERE in England the making of hay requires some little time. In the southern counties the sun may be strong enough to dry the grass in a few days, but in the northern this is not the case, and there the hay is often piled up into rounded pikes, five or six feet in height, and so left for two or three weeks for the wind to penetrate it, so that the drying begun by the sun may be effectually completed. After this, the hay is stacked.

But in the high Alps of Switzerland, haymaking, in fine weather, is never more than an affair of three days. The sun is very powerful, but of more account than the heat of the sun is the natural dryness of the atmosphere, which causes a quick evaporation of all forms of moisture and which makes the air so valuable as a tonic both to the sick and to the healthy.

In the long Swiss valleys which border on the northern plains of Italy, the gathering in of the hay is done almost entirely by Italians, the natives finding a sufficiency of occupations in their own household affairs and in the service of the visitors who flock to the district during the summer months. Bands of haymakers, men and women, come up from Lombardy in July when the grass is long. They fix on a line of march and work along it from village to village, staying in each until all the hay belonging to its inhabitants has been cut and stacked. They journey all the way on foot, walking through the cool of the night and the early morning and sleeping through the heat of the day. Sometimes they get a lift from a passing cart, and they will sit along the sides and back, swinging their feet to and fro like children, laughing for sheer lightness of heart, and singing part-songs in those sweet, harmonious, musical voices which come to them with their southern birth. Their baggage is simple; the private possessions of each individual comprise a bundle and a huge coloured cotton umbrella, and in addition to these there is a polenta pot, which is generally common property.

They are a picturesque people, with black hair and eyes, brown skins, and teeth that gleam white by contrast. The men are frequently tall and graceful, but the women,

more often than not, are short and thick-set, probably in consequence of the amount of field-work that they do from their childhood upwards. Many of them have very beautiful features, and they all possess the charm of perfect health and strength. Like all southern people they are fond of colour, and introduce it in a very cunning manner into their costumes. The dark trousers of the men are fastened round the waist with a sash of scarlet or purple or some other gay colour, and the shirt, which they throw open at the neck when they get heated with their work, is coloured, often blue. The rest of their outfit consists of a cotton neckerchief, which they never appear to remove, a soft felt hat, and a coat which they more often carry than wear. The women wear a rather short black skirt, closely kilted over the hips, whence it falls in pleats; a long-sleeved white shirt, a black bodice, strapped over the shoulders, and laced with red, a coloured kerchief crossed over the breast and tucked in at the waist. The black hair is plaited up with strands of green braid and the head is covered with a kerchief. They wear wooden shoes, and thick knitted scarlet gaiters as a protection against snake-bites. Nearly every woman carries a little silver crucifix round her neck. Occasionally one sees a costume which is a slight variation on this—probably because its wearer comes from a different district of Italy. In this, the skirt is not kilted, and in place of the head-kerchief a soft, black felt hat is worn, in shape something like the Tyrolean, with a grey feather in the band. In the hair are large silver combs, shaped like scallop shells, one on either side of the head.

English meadows are beautiful, but no English meadow ever even distantly approached a Swiss one for glory of colour. Directly the snow has gone, the flowers come—anemones, crocuses, soldanellas following one another in quick succession; then comes a burst of blossom from a myriad of insignificant plants, and the grass is a gorgeous enamel of brilliant hues. There are mountain ranunculi and potentillas, white and yellow; gentians of every shade of blue, some small as field

The Hay Harvest in the High Alps

forget-me-nots, others as large as Canterbury Bells; purple rampion, yellow anemones, blue campanulas, tri-coloured pansies, violets, white and blue; primulas, pink and purple; orchises, vetches, tares, trefoils, geums, forget-me-nots, and a score of dainty blooms which only grow in high altitudes. In June and July these lowlier plants give place to more aspiring ones—white marguerites, yellow hawkweed, red campion, pink bistort—which can hold their heads level with the lengthening grass, **which** is now putting forth reddish-brown blossoms. Sometimes the bistort is so thick that the meadow looks, when the wind passes over it, like a sea of pink waves with crimson troughs.

The haymakers go forth early in the morning to their work. The men lead in long straight rows, sweeping down grass and flowers with their keen scythes. The women follow, turning the grass over with large wooden forks. This work continues for the whole of the first day. Sometimes, under the combined influence of the hot sun and the valley wind, the grass is dry by the second day. Should it not be, it is turned and left for another day, while more meadows are mown. When it is quite dry, the women draw it into lines with large wooden rakes; then the lines are raked into small cocks. The hay-cart, a long, low, lightly-built vehicle, is brought up, and one man stands in it to receive the hay which the others toss up with their forks. Slowly out of the chaos of flying hay emerges a huge, square, compact mass, which finally assumes such proportions that one marvels how so frail a foundation can support it. But the men are masters of their art; they trim, and pack and press, and balance the erection with wonderful dexterity and nicety, and when the cart has been sufficiently loaded, bind the hay tightly down to it with long ropes of plaited leather. The horse is harnessed into the shafts, and slowly and ponderously the moving haystack makes its way towards the village. Children and even grown-up visitors take rides on the top of the hay-cart, clinging for dear life to the leathern ropes with every sway and lunge of the caravan over the ruts in the rough-made field-road.

The long and severe winter, lasting sometimes from November till April, makes it impossible to stack hay out of doors. It is stored up in the hay-house, which forms a very considerable portion of almost every dwelling-

house that has any pretensions to size. They are generally built at the end or on one side of the building, and are entered by large wooden doors. The cart stops at these doors, the hay is unroped, tossed down into the house and there stacked up. The walls are pierced with great window openings, sometimes reaching a height of twelve feet, which are filled with woodwork, black with age and weather, and carved in open patterns, through which the air can pass to the hay stored within. Judging by outward appearances, half the buildings in the villages are hay-houses, and in truth a goodly quantity of hay must be required to feed all the horses, cows, goats and sheep of the village during the seven months of the year that they spend in their stables.

The Italian haymakers as a rule lodge with the villagers. But the present writer knew a Swiss landowner who preferred to provide accommodation himself for the labourers he was employing in his meadows. There were sixty of them, so he put up a temporary building for them at the entrance to the village. There were two large sleeping-rooms in it, one for the men, and one for the women, and according to their employer's account, the haymakers lived there in complete happiness, laughing, joking, singing, but rarely, if ever, quarrelling.

Both men and women seem very strong and healthy, and undoubtedly possess remarkable powers of endurance, and yet their food is of the simplest and most meagre—cheese, polenta, water, and, occasionally, a little coffee. Polenta, that is, ground maize, is a national dish in Italy, and on the window-sills and balconies of every little wooden house one passes on the journey down to the Lombard plains, one sees strings of great yellow heads of maize, placed there to dry in the sun. Polenta can be prepared in a variety of ways, and some of these make very delicious dishes, but as eaten by the haymakers it is simply a water-porridge. When they wish to prepare it in the hay-field, they build up a fire-place of stones, or merely make a hollow in a wall by removing some of its middle stones; this is filled with dry grasses, leaves and branches, which soon make a brisk fire, on which the black pot filled with meal and water is placed. Any one passing by gives it an occasional stir, and it is allowed to boil till it becomes a thick paste. Sometimes it is eaten hot from the pot; sometimes it is left till cold, when it is

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turned out as a solid cake. When the meal-time comes, a piece of linen is spread on the grass, the polenta-cake is placed upon it, also a pale-coloured, mild cheese, made from skim milk. Each person helps himself to hunks of polenta, and with a small, hook-shaped knife digs out a piece from the cheese, which is passed round. It is a very satisfying meal—not to say solid and heavy, at least to an English digestion. The drink is pure water, kept cool by placing the cans containing it in the nearest running stream.

On Sunday mornings the haymakers go to mass in the little Roman Catholic church which is found in most Swiss villages of any size, even if the canton be Protestant. If there is no room for them inside the building, they stand reverently outside the door till the service is over. For the rest of the day they lounge about on the steps of the fountain, or on the many benches that are always found in the sunny spots of Swiss villages. Or if they are of a cleanly disposition, they go down to the river and wash their clothes and themselves. It is not at

all unusual to see, on a Sunday afternoon, those men and boys, who have no women-kind of their own to fend for them, kneeling on the washing-boards that slope from the bank into the river, rubbing and pounding away at their shirts and stockings in quite the orthodox fashion, rinsing them out, and spreading them in the sun to dry. Their clothing finished, they set to work upon their own persons.

One very striking characteristic of these people is their neatness. Old clothes, yes; patched, yes, and such patches! but no rags. A bodice, once black but now green with age and wear, may bear a patch as black as its owner's eyes. A pair of trousers of greenish-yellow hue may be decorated in the various parts with squares and oblongs of black or grey. A shirt that has become of an azure shade by reason of frequent washings may carry in the middle of the back a patch of the deepest gentian blue. One may even see patches of cloth on the heels of the thick knitted stockings of the men. But no rags!

An Experience on the Yukon River

BY G. L. LAMONT GORDON, A.M.

IT is a common occurrence in all northern lands to have slight floods in the spring, when the early rains and melting snow rush down the mountain sides and cause what are known as "freshets"; but the "break-up," as the Indians and miners designate it, of a mighty river like the Yukon is quite a different experience.

The Yukon, as no doubt most of my readers know, is over 2000 miles long from its source near Skagway on the southern strip of Alaska, bordering on British Columbia—and, by the way, that same strip should, beyond a doubt, belong to Canada; but our American cousins at present hold it, pending a settlement of, to us residents, that long, weary matter known as "The Alaskan Boundary Question."

Asking pardon for the above slight digression, we follow the, at first, small stream as far as the town of Bennett, B.C., where it spreads out into a beautiful lake, on the left of which is situated the town. In 1899 and 1900, being the terminus of the one and

only railroad of Alaska, the "White Pass and Yukon R.R.," forty miles long, ten of which are in American territory, Bennett was a very thriving, busy town, with hotels and restaurants by the score, and scow-building yards. Here all going into the interior had to halt to await the steamboats; or in winter to "mush" it, *i. e.* to walk on the ice-trail; or, as the majority did, go by dog-sled.

Many went from Bennett, carrying with them all their belongings, in scows—flat-bottomed barge-like boats—suitable for going over rapids.

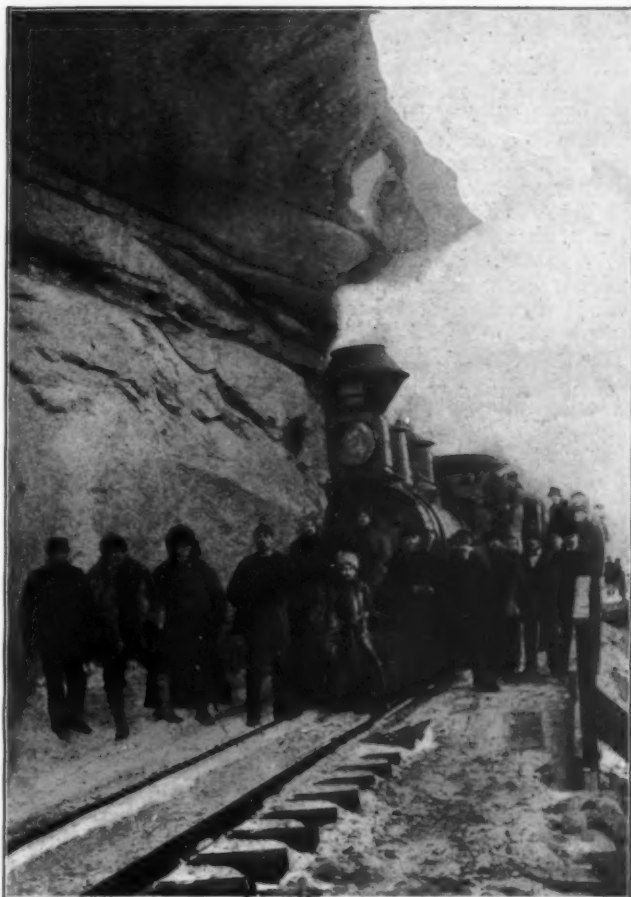
Leaving Bennett Lake, one passes through what is called "Fifty-Mile" river to another expansion named "Marsh Lake," then through a passage called "Lewis River" to "Lake Tagish," at the head of which the police had a lovely post with large barracks. I might mention here that at this post we saw some beautiful steam-launches, or pinnaces, hauled up on the bank and going to ruin. I asked the

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constable who came down to inspect us, why it was? His reply was characteristic. "It is because the Government were ignorant concerning the depth of the river. Those boats would do splendidly on the St. Lawrence, but when they were sent up to us, sir, we boys had a good snigger, and said that it was like all else that is done at Ottawa, or at any seat of government. Those 'Intelligence Department' fellows think they know all, and know naught; and that's why the people have to pay such high taxes."

Leaving Fort Tagish, we sailed on to "Old White Horse," at the entrance to the celebrated "Miles Canyon." Here there is a tramway which goes round the canyon and the "White Horse Rapids" for four miles. This is the most dangerous spot in the river's course, and one is forcibly reminded that it is so by seeing a number of crosses and tomb-slabs on the top of the bank. On closer inspection we saw that each one headed a grave, and bore the names of the gold-seeking victims. "Drowned in White Horse Rapids" was painted or engraved under each name. Now one does not hear of so many accidents, as clever pilots are engaged at this point to steer the boats over, while passengers and personal baggage can go by tram-car.

It is truly a grand and awe-inspiring sight to see a frail craft going through the canyon and then shooting the rapids. Think of it! The water rushing by at a rate of twenty-five or thirty miles an hour, between solid walls of rock, towering hundreds of feet above on both sides, and the channel of navigation so narrow that a yard to the right or left too much in steering means destruction in a second! Seeing it is awful; but to be on the craft, one's hair verily stands on end; and one feels one-



FIRST PASSENGER TRAIN ON THE WHITE PASS AND
YUKON ROUTE TO THE SUMMIT

self blanching, and a sigh of relief is given, with all thankfulness to the Great Pilot above, when, after shooting through, you get on the quiet level once more, and being moored to the bank, you jump ashore and dry your well-sprinkled clothes, while the crew load up again from the already arrived tramcars.

Leaving White Horse City, a town of 2000 inhabitants, just below the rapids, one crosses a wide and shallow expanse of the river called "Lake Le Barge," then down the "Thirty-Mile" river, passing through another somewhat dangerous set of rapids known as the "Five Fingers," from five huge boulder-rocks, standing upwards like unfinished bridge pillars. This stream is very rapid in its current, and also narrow,

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till near the end, when one enters the Yukon proper, a few miles from Dawson. Several smaller tributaries enter prior to this, not worth mentioning, till you come to the "Klondike," which falls into the mother stream as you arrive at Dawson, the capital city of the Yukon Territory.

Dawson is very prettily situated on a plain to the right of the Yukon, with hills to the south and east, and the Klondike river to the north. From an ordinary but large mining camp of tents, in 1897, there has arisen a well-appointed modern city, with many noble buildings. The streets and avenues are well laid out at right angles to each other, and are lighted by electricity. The denominations at present represented are, according to membership: Roman Catholic, Church of England, including the Protestant Episcopal of the U.S., Presbyterian, Methodist, and Salvation Army. The Romanists and Presbyterians have large, well-appointed hospitals, "St. Mary's" and "Good Samaritan," under their management, but assisted by the Government. There is also a Public School, which was instituted last year, after it was seen by the authorities that the number of children proved the necessity. The fact that over fifty students were enrolled on the first day of last "Fall" term, dispels the long uncertainty of the permanency of the city. Beautiful private residences and hotels are going up in all directions. There is plenty of wood in the vicinity, and rich coal-mines are worked to advantage both above and below the city. The regular population, I presume, is about 5000, though at times, especially in the winter, it is far in excess of that figure. The Church of England Mission of the C. and C.C. So. is now a self-supporting parish, and the old log-built church of St. Paul's is soon to be rased, and a large new church is to be erected, which when finished will probably be made the cathedral of the diocese.

There are two suburban towns near the capital: one, Klondike City, connected by two bridges across the Klondike river, where quite a number of people reside, and a large lumber-mill is in full working order. The other, "West Dawson," is across the Yukon.

Three miles below the city is the Indian town of "Moosehide," where Chief Isaac holds sway. The C.M.S. has a flourishing mission and school at this point, under the management of the Rev. Benj. Totty.

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Fifty miles lower down the Yukon brings one to the prettiest little town on the river, once the old Fort McQueston, of the Hudson Bay Co. The name now is "Forty-Mile City," it being situated on a large island at the mouth of the "Forty-Mile" river.

Some fifteen years ago, Forty-Mile had a pretty large population, and was quite a flourishing fur-trading post; but when the "rush" to the Klondike took place, it was almost denuded. The discovery of valuable mines since, up the Forty-Mile river, across the Alaskan border, has somewhat revived the place; and now it is the rendezvous of miners for the interior, and a convenient Police Post for collecting customs, etc., as it is within twenty miles of the boundary.

The C.M.S. has a mission here on an island at the north end, called the "Buxton" mission, where about fifty Indians are encamped. There is a nice church, St. John's, and a commodious two-storied frame-house for the missionary and his family. Evening Prayer, in the native dialect, is held every day, and also two services on Sunday. The Forty-Mile Indians are a quiet, indolent, and by no means intelligent race. They subsist by fishing and hunting, and most of them seem pretty well-to-do, and could be well off if they were not so lazy. They are very frail in constitution, and are rapidly falling victims to consumption, scrofula, and other blood diseases. The white man's food, clothing, and habits are their ruin; and they are so childish that when they bring in a supply of moose or caribou (a species of reindeer), they go and exchange it for canned goods, and the consequence is, their digestive organs are the sufferers.

The women do a good deal of beadwork, making moose-hide moccasins, gun-cases, bags of various kinds, slippers, etc., and ornamenting them with beadwork designs. They are very artistic, naturally; but now that American manufactured moccasins come in in such large quantities, and are more endurable, there is very little demand for Indian work, except as curiosities, so the young squaws do very little of this work, as it does not pay them. The children go to St. James' Diocesan School at Forty-Mile, their tuition being provided by the mission. Although many of the natives profess Christianity and have been baptised, confirmed, and partake of Holy Communion, they retain many of their pagan superstitions.

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For instance, when any of them die, they give to the relatives all the belongings of the deceased, even though they may be in dire need themselves. They also change their place of abode after a death. This distribution of goods is termed a "Potlatch." Another habit they have which is very repulsive, namely, when they discover that a sickness is mortal, they take no more care of the invalid, because, they say, "He no more good hunt," or, "She no more good dry fish," etc., and the poor creature is left almost severely alone to crawl into a corner and die. They have very little affection as we understand it, and as to gratitude, they do not know what it is. The more you do for them, the more they expect you to do, and get quite offended if you decline to do what they desire.

Their language is very peculiar, and has many similarities to the Japanese spoken in the northern island of the empire. Clicks are plentiful in it, and the words run into each other at most unexpected times. The length of some of the words is alarming—twelve to twenty syllables being nothing. There are as many dialects as there are tribes, and that is about one for every fifty miles. In another quarter of a century there will hardly be an Indian in the Territory. There has been in past years a good deal of intermarrying between the natives and white men; and this, too, seems to militate against them, as in nine cases out of ten the progeny is debilitated or consumptive.

Two trading companies which hail from San Francisco and Chicago respectively have made millions upon millions out of this country; but now, wherever they can, the consumers are getting their supplies, etc. from Dawson, or from Victoria, or Seattle, and bringing them down on scows, thus saving

much, getting better goods, and their own selection. Of course the companies do not like this at all, but people are getting tired of "Trusts," and of paying five times, and, in some cases, ten times more than the article is worth. It is usury and imposition, pure and simple, and does more to stop progress and development than anything else. Miners, and all outside of the concerns themselves, will bless the day that some private enterprises in the catering line start up along the Yukon. Let me quote some of the prices in Forty-Mile and contrast them with Victoria, B.C., and Seattle, U.S., and also with Dawson, where competition prevents the big companies overcharging too much—

	Forty-Mile.	Dawson.	Victoria.	Seattle.
Flour @ per 100 lbs.	\$12	\$8	\$1.75	\$1.75
Sugar " lb.	20c.	10 to 12c.	4 1/2 to 5c.	5c.
Milk " case.	\$16	\$12	\$8.50	\$4
Cream " lb.	35 to 50c.	25c.	15c.	14c.
Hams " "	" "	" "	12 1/2c.	12 1/2c.
Bacon " "	" "	" "	25 to 30c.	20 to 30c.
Coffee " "	\$1 to \$1.50	60c.	25 to 30c.	20 to 30c.
Tea " "	\$1 to \$1.25	40c.	25c.	20c.
Crosse & Blackwell's sauces.	75c. to \$1 a tin.	50c.	10c.	25c.

Then, in Forty-Mile, one has to pay customs duty and the companies' profits; whereas by buying in Victoria one escapes both, and pays far less freight charges. The companies charge on their boats \$2.50 for a small parcel from Dawson to Forty-Mile, fifty miles, which is exorbitant. It would be a grand thing if the prices of necessities



ON THE ROAD BETWEEN SKAGWAY AND BENNETT, B.C.,
EN ROUTE TO DAWSON CITY

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and clothing were regulated by law; but shall we ever see laws to prevent usury? There are statutes against gambling, and yet the way in which these Trusts act is nothing but gambling of the worst kind. How consistent! This thing hurts all round, for while living is so high, wages have to be high also, to enable a man to live. The poor "grub-stake" miner, unless he strikes it very rich, cannot pay his store bill, and either leaves the country in debt, or is sent to jail. Then, to add to his already heavy burdens, he has to pay a royalty; to pay for recording his claim; and then, after all, unless he remains on his claim, he cannot hold it, and can never become a freeholder. In short, one would suppose that neither the Canadian nor U.S. Governments were desirous of the country being developed. Is it ignorance of the situation? or is it that the Trusts and Governments are in treaty with each other to bleed the miner for all he is worth? If either, then let there be a speedy reform. If neither, then let the old rapacious statutes be repealed, and new laws, fair and just to all, be enacted. Alaska and the Yukon Territory have immense resources, and, if terms were easier, could maintain ten times the present population; but, as things are, there is no inducement to come in and settle.

The climate is extremely healthy, and specially so for any one inclined to be rheumatic or consumptive. We have no epidemics, unless forced upon us by bad sanitation in our larger towns. A doctor, outside of Dawson, would starve. To prove the above, the writer and his wife and two children came into this country in September 1899, from the turpentine section of Georgia, and were almost dead with malarial disorders, my wife being for seven years, off and on, in the hands of the doctor. This is our third year of residence, and let us now compare notes in contrast. I weighed only 110 lbs., and now tip the scale at 150. My wife weighed 95 lbs., she now weighs 130, and has never needed a physician since she arrived; and my two little daughters, aged eleven and a half and ten, are tall, strong children.

Some are afraid of "the dreadful winters." It is all an erroneous idea. We thought, coming from Georgia, that we would freeze to death; and all our friends told us we were committing suicide in going to such a bleak, miserable country. We have now [1901] passed through two winters here, and are

about to begin a third, and we have not felt it as cold here as we did in North Georgia, from October to March, every year. We get no wind from November to April; no rain, and very little snow; just a severe, dry, clear frost, which, though biting when you first go out into it, soon throws you into a glow; and even though it be 40° below zero, you are glad to loosen your mufflers; and after a walk of a mile or two, you return home feeling like a new man. Of course when the temperature is below 40°, then one remains at home. Forty-Mile, being surrounded by lofty mountains, is never as cold as Dawson, to the north, or Eagle City, to the south. Our lowest temperature last winter was 58° F. below zero, and that only for ten days. At another time, in January, we had it at 47° below for about a week; but all the rest of the season it ranged between 25° above to 25° below zero, which, after the 58° period, seemed to us really warm. It only took one small No. 7 box-stove to heat our four rooms, and we only burnt up twelve and a half cords of wood from October 15 to May 17.

You might say, "Were not the nineteen hours of daily darkness disagreeable?" I answer, "Not at all;" for with school every day going on from 10 A.M. to 3 P.M., and plenty of good literature, together with sleighing and walking, the time passed so quickly that I hardly felt it.

"Oh, but you cannot get any fresh food up there. You always have to live on nasty canned goods," is another objection thrown out by those who know nothing of the country.

This is also quite a mistake. During the winter you can have all the fresh moose and caribou meat you desire, and which is nicer and more tender than beef, and more suitable to the climate. Besides above, ptarmigan are plentiful, and so tame, that on many a morning when I got up I would see twenty or thirty feeding in front of my house. Then there are plenty of rabbits, and, though scarce, squirrels also. In summer there are plenty of bear, ducks and geese, snipe, chickens (prairie), and grouse; and in the fish line—salmon (three or four varieties), white fish, ling, and suckers; and in the Fall, just before the streams freeze over, you get no end of grayling. Is this not a supply of fresh food fit for an epicure? Then you can cultivate yourself a piece of ground, and grow the finest vegetables;

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and as for fruit, the supply of blueberries, cranberries, raspberries, and black and white and red currants is abundant, and free to all. To give you an idea of their plentifulness, my wife, two children, and five orphans in my care went into the woods, half-a-mile distant, and in three or four hours picked seventeen gallons of berries, which she put up for winter use.

If you have a horse, or cow, or both, there is more hay growing around than they, or one hundred of them, could eat in a year.

storage eggs are brought up from Victoria and Seattle, and with these you run the chance of finding half of them useless. The price of these is from 75 cents to \$1.50 in summer, and as much as \$3 per dozen after navigation closes. A man at Skagway, Alaska, kept about two dozen hens, and realised all winter \$1.09 a dozen for his eggs and \$1 apiece for chickens, and did well.

I will conclude this sketch by saying a word concerning scenery. Words cannot



SKAGWAY IN JANUARY 1900

The port of entry on the U.S. Territory to Dawson City and the Yukon, Canada.
This city is claimed by both Canada and the U.S.

Lastly, as to fuel. There is plenty of wood, both "drift" and "green," to be had, laid at your doors, for from \$8 to \$15 a cord; and if you prefer coal, you can get it at about the same price per ton.

So, you see, all the necessities of life can be had here, and you are not obliged to eat "canned" or "tinned" goods at all, unless you so desire.

You could also, if you had a warm place for them in winter, keep as many fowls as you pleased, and make quite a little sum from eggs; for eggs are very scarce, except in the summer, when a large supply of cold-

depict the wild grandeur of these Alaskan hills. The beauties of the Rhine, the Highlands of Scotland, and the grandeur of the Swiss Alpine country are, as it were, combined along the vale of the Yukon in summer; but in winter, when all is covered with Nature's snowy mantle, to see the sun-rises and sunsets is a sight well worth the trip only for that alone. Then there are the aurora borealis, northern lights, lunar rainbows, etc., and nowhere have I seen such bright and perfect rainbows as here, just on the Arctic Circle. They are so perfectly circular and bright that the shadow

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is almost as clearly seen as the bow itself, and very often one can also see the "shadow of the shadow," or three perfect bows simultaneously.

The forces of Nature also seem much stronger in this northern latitude. Thunder is louder, and lightning more vivid and brighter, because the air is so dry and clear; and snowflakes are larger and more regularly formed; yet while Mother Nature exerts herself thus, as above, all earth's products, such as trees, shrubs, animals, and men, are, as a rule, diminutive.

One great danger is prominent to settlers along the Yukon, *i. e.* the breaking up of the river in the spring, as it is sure to do considerable damage.

It was our ill-luck at Forty-Mile to have a life-long experience owing to this, last spring.

All through April we had had lovely weather, and the snow had cleared off the level. Our streets, back-yards, and gardens had been cleaned, and fences repaired. Houses had been painted, and all traces of winter removed, except that the main river was still a silent mass of ice. We were joyfully looking forward to its breaking up so that navigation should be re-opened. Guesses and calculations were innumerable as to the exact date. Some, including the writer, said that May 20 would see the event; but one old weather-beaten Indian said on the 16th, "To-morrow you see 'Break-up,' sure! sure!" and his prophecy was exact. On the morn of the 17th I arose as usual at seven o'clock, and the sun was shining brightly, but old "Father Yukon" was as quiet as ever he had been for the past eight months. We were about to sit down to our frugal morning meal of oatmeal-porridge and milk, when one of the children exclaimed, "O, papa, come quick, the river is moving." A rush was made to the front door, and sure enough, all in a trice, the whole surface rose up as if some mighty lever were underneath, and then smashed up into myriads of bergs and floes, and the natural current of six or seven miles an hour was let loose, and they began, like wild animals, to chase each other as they rushed onwards towards Behring Sea. It was grand, awe-inspiring, marvellous, to see great blocks, tons upon tons in weight, rolling over each other; and now and again they would meet and mount up thus **A**, fifteen to twenty feet high, then down with a crash like thunder. The noise was

deafening, but the sight was so absorbing of all our thoughts that on all sides were heard exclamations of wonder and delight. "Oh, how grand! Oh, look! look! Isn't it magnificent! Oh, how can any one be an infidel who sees this!" and so on. My wife and I went down town to the mouth of the Forty-Mile river so that we could have a better view. There we found people all along the banks, and some taking Kodak snap-shots of the many and diverse shapes that the ice took. All went well, from the break-up at 8.30 till 10.30, when, while we were contemplating the sight, all at once we heard cries of "Help! help!" The ice had got jammed at an island about two miles below us, and in less time than it takes me to write it, it backed up on our little city with such force that for a time all seemed to be doomed. The whole front porch of one of our largest stores, fifty feet in width, was torn from the building and began to float away. We rushed home, hoping it would never rise as high as the mission-house, which is several feet higher than the rest of the town. Soon, however, our hopes vanished. Up it came, over our fifteen-foot high banks, and our twenty cords of wood, all in two and a half foot stove-lengths, began to topple over and take a trip to town. We rushed indoors and shut every door and window. We packed all bedding and our trunks on to the upper berths and gathered all the canned food we had in the house, and each one of our family of nine souls carried something. Soon the water began to rush in under our doors. We then opened the parlour window and waded round and climbed on to the roof. We had not been there many minutes before the water surrounded the house; it began to shake, so we got down and on to a little ridge at the rear, on which our "cache" or store-house is built. At this juncture the Indians, who were camped on our side, about three hundred yards to the north, being washed out, came to us for shelter. We lit a big fire, and then I put my wife, two children, five orphans, and two invalid Indians, one a squaw with infant, up into the cache. Hereupon the police came up and carried off all the other natives, and told me to fire one blank cartridge from my rifle if there were any immediate danger.

But my C.M.S. colleague, what of him and his wife and five children, and some few old Indians, over at the Buxton Mission Isle? Their island was submerged, and

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they had taken refuge in their upper storey, but were in imminent danger of being knocked over by some big iceberg. They couldn't get to us and we could not get to them. It was a critical moment! Well, after about an hour, the water began to creep up to the cache, and I was just about to fire, as ordered, when two of the policeboys returned and said, "Sir, we advise you to join all the rest of the citizens over on the cemetery hill, about half-a-mile away, across the creek." No sooner said than I got the refugees all out of the cache and

to think I would never get across. Shouting with agony, I thought, "If I don't make an effort I shall die," so I managed somehow or another to wade on, and at last, I know not how, got across. In awful agony and unable to pull my big boots off, I shook some of the water out, and finding a trail, followed it. Not being acquainted with this part of the island, I just followed "my nose," and in about five minutes my shouts were answered. I made for the sound and came up with five men sitting round a "Yukon stove," and all but one as



COMING INTO SKAGWAY ON THE LYNN CANAL

the police took them over. I remained behind to see what could be done for my C.M.S. brother and his crowd. The police at last managed to bring up a boat (called a "Peterboro"), and getting somewhat near them, threw a rope to them, and one by one they all were brought over. Seeing this done, I then started alone to join the rest on Cemetery Hill. I found that in a hollow at the back of our house a lake had been formed. I plunged in and began to wade across, but when about half-way the water was over three feet deep and began to fill my rubber boots. It was so icy cold that I began to cramp with pain, and began

drunk as they could be. One, bottle in hand, offered me a drink. I said, "Brother, I have enough liquor in my boots and cannot carry any more." This jest seemed to stagger him, and he walked off. I remained about half-an-hour warming my almost frozen limbs, and then made tracks for the hill, a mile away. I at length came up with a party about to cross the creek, composed of police, Indians, and my colleague's family from the C.M.S. Mission. One of the Indians took me on his back and put me in his canoe, and I was soon with my wife and children. Here were congregated some one hundred men, women, and

An Experience on the Yukon River

children, all huddled and wet, sitting round camp-fires. To add to our misery, a cold, moist wind sprang up, and we looked indeed forlorn. However, we got what food we had and soon were feeding the "inner man," having had nothing since 8.30 A.M., and it was now about 4.30 P.M.

Dry, and somewhat resuscitated by hot coffee and bread, we sat around, smoking, chatting, and watching the Yukon. About 9 P.M. a shout went up, "She's moving again," and all eyes were gazing on the river, and "Thank goodness" was heard on all sides.

As fast, and faster than it rose, so it subsided, and in twenty minutes the water had gone down seven feet. By midnight it had sunk to the river level, and many of the refugees returned home; but my colleague and family, myself and party, and the natives, put up some tents, and we made ourselves comfortable for the night in the "City of the Dead."

At 6 A.M. we arose, ate a picnic breakfast, and gathering up our blankets, etc., started for home. When we arrived at the south end of town, oh, what a wreck we saw! Five houses completely washed away, several others burst open by water, or broken in by huge icebergs. Outhouses, bridges, boats of all sizes and descriptions lying in the streets and gardens. Our once pretty town looked as if an enemy had sacked it. Wending our way to the north end, the destruction seemed less. My wood was seen lying about all the way from town to our home. Arrived home, what did we

find? Two and a half feet of water in our parlour and kitchen, the cellars full, and all our bedding on the lower berths wet. We began at once to bail out the water, and it took eight of us, with buckets, from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M. before we got our floors dry. The church, next door, was intact, thank God; for being very high, the water was only about one inch high inside, so nothing was hurt at all. We lost nine cords of wood out of twenty, two boats, and some provisions, like sugar, etc.; in value about, on the whole, \$300. The total losses of the town amounted to about \$100,000.

In ten days, by all helping one another, you could hardly tell we had had such an adventure, and when excursion steamboats, crowded with visitors, came down from Dawson a few days after, the people hardly believed we had had any flood at all.

Such an experience may not occur again in a century, and, again, it might come again next year, or worse. An old Indian chief, "Chief David," says, "I saw flood like this when I was boy, fourteen year old, but never since;" and white men, who have been here fifteen years, say they never saw anything like it.

Of course, every spring we have "high water" from the melting snows and spring rains, but they rarely overleap the river's banks.

On the whole it is a wonderful land, but perfectly habitable, and some day in the near future will, in addition to its inexhaustible mineral richness, be regarded as the great Summer Resort of the Pacific.



"TURNING THE CORNER"

Photo by G. G. Kent

Kafir Manners and Customs

OF the many and varied forms which the development of modern literature has assumed, what is popularly known as a "Blue-book" is generally regarded as the most prosaic and uninteresting. The very covers are suggestive of red tape and officialism which is distasteful to any but the bureaucratic mind, and yet the volumes in question are frequently the depository not only of dry facts and figures, but of most interesting and romantic lore. Especially is this the case in those State documents containing the proceedings of Commissions of Enquiry into different matters of social import affecting the welfare of the community generally. "Titbits" of information are gleaned, and side-lights thrown upon phases of human life, oftentimes in a singular and unexpected way.

The printed report of a searching investigation instituted by the Government of Cape Colony into native laws and customs is brimful of novel and entertaining matter. Here, for instance, is an episode which a clever writer might weave into a thrilling story, emphasising the oft-quoted saying, moreover, that fact is stranger than fiction. Among the witnesses examined was a native headman named Xelo, who volunteered the statement that before he was born, an English lady came to his country; the ship in which she travelled was wrecked, and she arrived in a small boat, which was brought into the mouth of the river Umtata in Kafirland. The Kafirs, he said, took her and made her the great (or chief) wife of the chief Samgo, by whom she had two sons and several daughters. The eldest son was named Mycetana, and his great-grandson became chief of an important tribe in Tembuland. The other son was Umdepa, and one of his descendants became the wife of Gangelizwe, chief of the Tembus. The witness further stated that there was a great meeting, so Umdepa told him, at his father's place when the woman with the white face arrived, and when asked where she came from, she pointed with her finger towards the sea. The people slaughtered a beast, and with its skin made her a kaross. She said that her name was Bess; they taught her Kafir, which she learned to speak well. The witness described Umdepa as a nice gentleman, with a long nose, blue eyes, a

yellow complexion, and long hair, and he was nearly one hundred years old when he died; he added also, that the great-grandchildren and female descendants are much sought after by the chiefs as wives, because these women are regarded as being wise and friendly to the white people. The lady was found on dry land at the mouth of the river; no white man had come in the boat with her. The chief Samgo heard of her arrival through some of his people living on the coast, who brought him word that a white face had come out of the water. It was the first white person these Kafirs had ever seen.

I merely give the foregoing to show in what unexpected ways quaint and interesting historical items sometimes come to light, but the more immediate object of the present article is to give an insight regarding some of the Kafir customs. I might premise by saying that so far as government goes, the chief is supreme and possesses unlimited power, although such power cannot be exercised by him safely except with the consent of the people, this consent being given at assemblies of the headmen of the tribe, or councillors as they are called, who are supposed to represent the opinions of the people under them. In the case of highly-organised tribes, such as the Zulus or Matabele, there are certain times recognised for holding the general assemblies, generally about December or January. On these occasions the chief or king explains any new law or order he may wish to promulgate, and discussion takes place, in fact it is something like an incipient parliament, except that the word of the chief has a very predominating influence. When a decision is come to, a proclamation is made to the various regiments as they present themselves at some stage of the ceremony following the discussion. There is no instance of any of the laws or customs having been reduced to writing by the natives themselves, and they are preserved mostly by oral tradition. These customs differ in some respects with almost every tribe, as, for instance, in the case of the marriage law, but murder and robbery are invariably regarded as offences against the chief: cattle-stealing is in most tribes looked upon as a public wrong, but the most serious crime known to native law is

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conspiring against the chief. Long ago, according to one of the witnesses, there was a chief who had two sons, and as old age approached, he determined to make timely arrangements for the succession. He appointed the elder of the two his heir, and assigned to him one of the royal kraals as a residence. The young man, however, became impatient, and with his younger brother plotted against their father's life. This was discovered, and the old chief ordered both of them to be put to death, and he specially directed that the younger, believed to be the most ambitious and dangerous of the two, should not escape. An armed party surrounded the hut the two young men were in during the night, and every man found in it was put to death on the spot, including the elder son. The younger son managed to escape through the doorway, and leaped the fence, but in doing so, he received a double-barbed assegai in his back.

Such crimes as forgery and embezzlement are not known to Kafir law, but witchcraft is always visited with very summary and condign punishment. Witchcraft may be briefly defined as using occult means to accomplish the illness or death of any, whether persons or cattle. With some tribes the witch-doctor or witch-finder (*isanusi*), whose profession consists in "smelling out" some one as a wizard or witch, becomes a political engine in the hands of the chief. If, for instance, a chief has reason to fear a strong member of his tribe, it is only necessary for him to induce the witch-doctor to point him out publicly as guilty of witchcraft to accomplish his ruin. The latter is supposed to be in intimate communication with the spirits, and a simple accusation is deemed sufficient evidence. A native, who was accused of witchcraft in having caused the death of the chief Krel's children, was pegged to the ground on the broad of his back, and hot stones were placed on his body. When he got up, the flesh fell from his legs, and after he had struggled along three or four hundred yards, he had his brains knocked out. Another man charged with witchcraft had his arm buried in the ground up to the shoulder, and the earth rammed down all round it, while some one sitting beside him pulled out tufts of his hair. Eventually he was let off because, while under torture, he admitted the crime, and told where he had hidden the charm

in a small stream. In another case, a man charged his wife with having bewitched him, and the unfortunate woman was pegged to the ground, sprinkled with water, and ants were then thrown over her. A woman who had milk-fever shortly before her death got up, and looking up at the clouds said that there was going to be a thunderstorm. The people about her accused her of being bewitched, and when she died, the child, who was also considered bewitched, was buried alive with the mother. It used to be the practice among the Gcalekas to consult a witch-doctor for the purpose of charming them. The doctor concocts his medicine beforehand, a cut is made in every man's forehead who wishes to escape harm, and then the compound is rubbed in. In the war between Krel's and Gangelizwe many years ago, a Basuto doctor and his companion from Tembuland were captured in the Gcaleka country: they were both killed, and the heart and the liver of the Basuto doctor were taken to the Gcaleka witch-doctor, and used by him in preparing his medicines. Happily under the influence of Christianity these superstitious practices are dying out, and the fiendish atrocities, of which the above are specimens, are becoming less frequent. Among the Kafirs there are various kinds of doctors besides the class whose business it is to indicate or "smell out" a witch. There is, for instance, the doctor who attends cases of illness, the herbalist, the doctor who manipulates the body, the doctor who dreams and sees visions, the doctor who regulates the conduct of war, and the rain-maker. They frequently let their hair grow long, and allow themselves to become very emaciated, and generally lead a dreamy, unnatural kind of existence somewhat akin probably to the Indian Fakir. Some of them are said to be very clever in curing snake-bites, and make a good deal by their professed skill.

Perhaps among the most unique of the native customs are those relating to marriage. It is generally allowed that in their primitive and unsophisticated state the Kafirs are a comparatively moral people, so far as the marriage relationship is concerned, and although some of their ideas may not exactly conform to those of more educated minds, there are points about them not altogether unworthy of being copied by those ranking higher in the scale



THE FIREWOOD GATHERERS, NAMAQUALAND

The drawing represents a mother and daughter, Namaqualand, South Africa, gathering dried sticks and roots of the bigger veldt bushes to sell to the Copper Company for fuel, as the country is quite destitute of firewood.

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of civilisation. "It is too often the fashion to denounce practices," remarks an English bishop who was examined by the Commission, "with which we are not acquainted, and to be in a hurry to urge legislation against *names*, without our understanding the things themselves." Polygamy is one of the conditions of native life which wars with the Christian system, but nothing is more difficult than to graft upon a heathen race our own views and sentiments on the matter. For its ultimate suppression, a long-continued influence of moral teaching and general education of the women more especially is necessary. A polygamist is presumed to have two chief wives, the "head wife," *Umfazi Omkulu*, and the "right-hand wife," or the *Umfazi Wasekunene*. He may have any number of other wives, but each of such is attached to one of the former, and would be looked upon by us as a concubine. The father usually divides his property between these two houses. By Kafir custom, a declaration by a man on his death-bed as to his property is always considered a sacred thing, and the heir is bound to carry out the dying wishes.

With reference to the question of polygamy, one distinguished chief, who was probed on the point, said, "A man who marries many wives does injury to no one, it merely adds to his stack of corn" (meaning importance); and a witness of undoubted standing, Sir T. Shepstone, speaking of the morality of natives in their kraals as compared with those at mission stations, places on record the following—"In Natal, the unsophisticated natives point to mission stations as places where more immorality is practised than in their own kraals. This probably is an exaggeration, but converts have themselves spoken to me in good faith on the subject, suggesting that the evil should be looked fairly in the face." A man gets a number of women to work for him, and the difficulty of dealing with the matter consists chiefly in the fact that the women are proud to work for him and for their children, and of their position as wives among a number.

The great essential in native marriages is what is known as *ukulobola*, which may be taken to be a contract between the father and the intending husband of his daughter, by which the father promises his consent to the marriage of his daughter and to protect her in case of necessity either

during or after the marriage, and by which in return he obtains consideration, generally in the form of cattle, partly for such consent and partly as a guarantee by the husband of his good conduct towards his daughter as wife. A similar custom obtained among many Oriental nations; traces of it appear among the Hebrews and also among the Greeks of Homer, the Romans, and the early German monogamists, and it is said that remnants of it are even to this day to be found in Norway. There are those who would represent the custom as a system whereby a girl is bartered away for cattle without her consent to the highest bidder, but, adopting the words of the Rev. Mr. Kropf, a German missionary, "The expensive marriages of our young people are a far greater evil than and more difficult to be brought within proper bounds than *ukulobola*." The women themselves attach great honour to the custom, and think they are rather degraded by being given away without *lobola*. A native headman, speaking on the custom, and defending it, said, "When it has not been paid, a man can turn round on his wife and tell her she is only a cat, he did not pay for her." A cat, I should add, is the only living animal which the natives never buy; when pussy changes hands, it is only as a present. In the Transvaal there is a tribe of Kafirs called the Knobnoses, who are large manufacturers of hoes from native iron, which take the place of cash as a circulating medium, and these hoes are frequently given as dowries. The number of cattle given for a wife is regulated by the circumstances of the country and the wealth of the parties. In ordinary cases, eight or ten head of cattle is a good dowry; if it is the daughter of a chief, it may be sixty, seventy, or even a hundred; the chief Gangelizwe paid one hundred and thirty for his wife. In times of scarcity or distress, on the other hand, a basket of corn has been considered sufficient.

The consent of the lady is not necessary in a Kafir marriage: she is simply told by her mother to get ready. Presuming a betrothal to have been arranged by the parents, an assegai is sent by the father of the girl to the intended bridegroom, who acknowledges its receipt by sending a beast in return. On this, the father at once begins preparing the "trousseau," consisting of blankets, beads, a mat, and a *ulunga*, made from hairs drawn out of the tail of

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an ox, to be worn round the neck as a charm; there are generally also some household utensils in the shape of pots, and so on. Two or three old women, some young companions about the bride's own age, and some men accompany the bride to her future husband's kraal. A beast is driven into the kraal and slaughtered to provide a feast, after which the bridegroom comes forth and criticises the lady's looks and form. Rejoicings and feastings are kept up, the wedding party remaining till the girl is paid for. In the meantime, they are sending backwards and forwards to the father to report how matters are progressing, and cattle come in every day till the required dowry is complete. Then there is a dance, and finally the bride throws an assegai into the bridegroom's kraal, which is supposed to seal the contract. One native examined, on being asked how he chose his wife, replied, "I made her acquaintance, laughed and chaffed with her, and she got fond of me." Another petty chief admitted that he married from love, but that love was often hampered by the question of dowry, an admission that will no doubt find a responsive echo in most other countries among votaries of the tender passion. As a rule, Kafirs are proud of their daughters. One of them said, "Although I am an ugly man, my girls are good-looking. When a man looks at one of them he trembles. If you saw my little girl you would say, 'Oh, I wish I were a black man.'"

Anything like cruelty to women is strongly denounced. If a marriage is dissolved owing to the wife, the cattle or a part are returned to the husband; if the husband causes the trouble, he loses both wife and cattle. Old maids are scarcely known among the Kafir race.

If a man dies without leaving any son, his property is inherited by his brother, and failing succession in the male line, it goes to the chief—the wife or daughter cannot inherit it. The widow also goes to the brother, but, as an alternative, she is given the choice of returning to her father's house.

Whenever a chief of standing dies, his death is immediately reported to the councillors, who send messengers to circulate the tidings throughout the tribe, with instructions that the people are to assemble for the ceremony of burial. They march up in clans, taking up their respective positions round

the kraal. Then one or two councillors of each tribe fall out and hold a meeting; four or five men of good family are selected by them to bear the corpse from the hut, the body being wrapped up or rolled in a mat lengthwise, together with the blankets used by the deceased previous to his death. It is then carried into the cattle kraal, where meanwhile a shallow grave two or three feet deep has been prepared. The body having been deposited in this, the people approach, and several of them take handfuls of sand to throw into the grave. After this, the people bewail the dead, each tribe having its own peculiar groan or lamentation, but generally it is a prolonged sort of "e—h!" The grave is then filled with earth and furze-bushes, to prevent people or wild animals disturbing the body. The gate of the kraal is then closed, and a man of some importance in the tribe is put to watch, and the spot henceforward becomes a kind of sanctuary, for in the event of any one getting into trouble for witchcraft or so on, he can run to the kraal and consider it a house of refuge. No grass is burnt within a mile of the place, and the cattle belonging to the deceased are not shifted or made away with. The centre of the kraal is the site selected for the grave. The Gaika chief Anta was thus buried, and a complaint was made that the Government had broken faith with the tribe, it having promised that the piece of ground should be reserved and respected as the resting-place of the great chief, whereas the farmer who held the property used the kraal for his cattle, and so desecrated the home of the dead. I believe the matter was settled by the farmer selling the piece of ground to the native tribe interested. The grave of a great personage is made into a more symmetrical heap than that of a common person; a wooden fence is erected round it, and there are men to see that the grass in the vicinity is not burnt.

On the occasion of a marriage or other important event, it is the custom of the Kafirs to have what they call a "beer-drinking," a kind of drunken orgy, out of which free fights often ensue with loss of life and limb, but great efforts are being made by the missionaries to suppress this and other degrading pursuits. At the same time, the task of eradicating baneful habits and practices which for centuries have become ingrained, as it were, is one de-

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manding much patience and determination, especially when the philanthropist is so heavily handicapped by the vendor of strong drink. Here, for example, is a statement made by the Rev. Bryce Ross, of the Free Church of Scotland, born and brought up in Kaffraria: "When I was a boy, all the Kafirs were sober: they are almost all drunkards now, with the exception of Christians. A sober chief is a rarity; and there is also little or no respect for parents. The bottle has great charms with the headmen." A heathen headman under Gangelizwe, asked how he liked the liquor law forbidding canteen-keepers to sell drink to natives, replied, "Brandy was brought here by white men, and it is very nice and we like it. You found it out and brought it to us, and we think it good." A sad commentary indeed on a Christian nation.

The legal system among the Kafirs is naturally of a very primitive order, but according to the testimony of a member of the Colonial legislature residing on the frontier, who was a favourite with many of the chiefs, law-suits are conducted quite decorously. Disturbances are not tolerated. If an individual seeks for redress, he goes to the "great place" to complain, and ask for justice. A day is fixed for the court to assemble, and the chief with his councillors sit in a circle, the plaintiff being in a conspicuous place outside the kraal, and the defendant a short distance from him. At the entrance a man is stationed to put questions from the court to either party and to hear what they have to say, and the case is decided on the merits. No oath

is administered, but when witnesses are called, they are asked, "Is that statement true?" and they reply, "Yes, true in the name of the chief." There are certain officers living at the great place whose duty it is to carry out any sentence the chief may utter. If a fine is imposed, they will collect it; if it is a matter of life and death, the culprit is removed and despatched at once. He is generally assegaied at night, but the executioner does his work very secretly, and it is difficult to get any information about the matter. Murder is practically regarded as an offence against the chief, inasmuch as the act deprives him of a warrior in the case of a man, and if the victim be a woman, of a possible mother.

Altogether, the manners and customs of these people are as attractive as they are interesting, and will well repay investigation. Most of the Kafir races are exceedingly tardy in falling in with the influences of civilisation, and numerous instances are on record where men as well as women have entered the service of European families, acquired a fair amount of education, and, after all, discarded it and reverted to the charms of the red blanket and beehive-shaped hut. Notably was this so in the case of the chief Sandilli's daughter. After her father's death, some ladies of Grahamstown subscribed together and sent the girl to England, where she received first-class instruction. After a few years of academic polishing she returned to South Africa, and was discovered, to the chagrin of one of her benefactresses, complacently attired in the primitive and scanty garb of heathendom!

W. S. FLETCHER.

The Lovers' Quarrel

"It matters not," she said.
"What matters not?" said he.
"It matters not if we fall out
Though other folks agree.
I care not for your scorn," she said;
"You need not care for me.

You told me you did love,
And I believed the tale;
But you are fickle as the wind,
And glass is not more frail.
Confess. Last night you met and kissed
A maiden in the vale."

"Come, lass, I cease my jest
If you will cease your frown;
'Tis true I kissed within the vale
Last night, a maid from town.
Look, love! My sister beckons us
Across the breezy down."

"It matters not," she said.
"It matters not," said he,
"If the whole world fall out and fret,
So you and I agree;
For love once proved is love twice told
With more sincerity."

NELLIE PEARCE.

"The Place I Live In"

(Selections from Competition Essays)

Salem, India

SALEM, the headquarters of the district which bears the same name, is a portion of the Madras Presidency in His Majesty's Indian Dominion. It occupies a central position, being almost midway between the Bay of Bengal on the east and the Arabian sea on the west. It is 206 miles by railroad south-west of Madras, and is very prettily situated, being almost surrounded by low ranges of wooded hills, among them the Shevaroy, inhabited by European coffee-planters, who reside mostly at the sanitarium of Yercaud, which is well known on account of its beauty and salubrious climate to all Europeans residing in Southern India.

If you stand on one of the hills that lie around the town, a beautiful panorama may be viewed, of green fields and trees, dotted here and there with white patches, which are the houses of the inhabitants clustering amid the huge banian, tamarind, and other trees which grow in abundance everywhere. Not the least beautiful picture among them is that of the English church with its tall spire, while not far off may also be seen the minarets of

a Mohammedan mosque, or the tower of a Hindu temple. The scene is peaceful beyond description, and emblematic of the British rule, under which the professors of different religions are permitted unmolested to follow the precepts and dogmas of their forefathers. One-third of the large population of Salem consists of weavers, a useful and industrious body which has exercised the profession of weaving for many generations past, handing down from father to son the same primitive methods which were employed centuries ago. The clothing of the natives is simple in the extreme. A cloth of native manufacture is tied round the waist, and another smaller in dimensions round the head of the major portion of the inhabitants, as everywhere in Southern India. The wealthier classes have adopted a coat cut in European fashion to

cover the upper portion of the body, and sandals are used by these to protect the bare feet, during the wet weather, or from the heat radiated from the ground during the hot months. A covered conveyance on two wheels, drawn by a small pony, furnishes the means of locomotion for passengers, while a similar, but larger conveyance, drawn by two bulls, is used for the carriage of grain and articles of merchandise.

The London Missionary Society has several of its missionaries located at Salem. There is a High School for boys, and a girls' boarding and training Institute, under European management, belonging to the Society, at which much useful work is carried out.

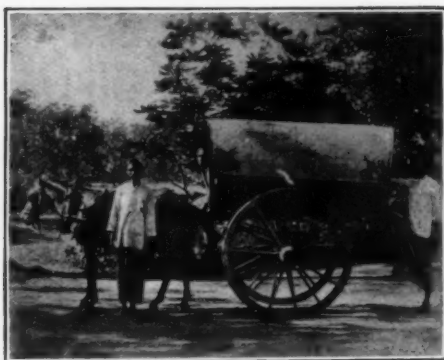


SALEM, BAZAAR STREET, SHOWING SHOPS AND CROWD

Salem was before the year 1799 A. D. a portion of the dominions of the fierce and implacable Tippu, Sultan of Mysore. There are consequently a great many Mohammedans residing in what is known as "The Fort," the only existing sign of which is an ancient bastion, from which the time-gun is daily fired. At present one would hardly believe that only a hundred years ago the Mohammedans were lords over the Hindus. British rule has made the Hindu and Mohammedan equal in their own eyes, and the lordly Mohammedan no longer assumes an air of superiority in the presence of the "mild" Hindu.

The religion of the Hindus is a subject which would afford months of interesting study, by no means lacking in what is amusing. To describe the Hindu Pantheon would need a volume of no

"The Place I Live In"



THE JUTKA, USED BY SALEM PUBLIC

meagre size. I shall therefore only touch on the points which would portray the simple character of the Indian ryot. Just outside the suburbs, and quite close to the rice-fields, are placed in several places horses made of earthenware. They are quite hollow, and are painted in bright vermillion and blue. The simple villagers erect these horses in honour of the god Ayanar—the guardian deity of the fields—who protects them from demons and evil spirits. Ayanar is a great huntsman, and when he visits the village during night-time, he is believed to mount these horses, and pursue the demons which seek to bring disease and ill-luck on the inhabitants. The Hindu Pantheon consists of 330,000 major and minor deities. An idol of stone is usually erected on the banks of a lake or tank, to which offerings of cocoanuts and flowers are made by those whose fields receive a supply from the water-source. Frequently under an ancient banian-tree a stone idol shaped in the form of the cobra-de-capello may be seen. This serpent, known by the name of Nagar, is worshipped and propitiated as a deity. The reptile is so subtle in its movements, and so venomous, that the ignorant villager fears its anger, and instead of destroying it, when met, seeks to appease its wrath.

The caste system is a curse which prohibits progress throughout India. A member of one caste can neither eat with, nor inter-marry with one of another caste. For instance, a goldsmith in Salem neither wills to, nor can, under the system, change his trade to that of a potter, nor can he marry a woman of the latter class. Each class lives separately, works separately, and dines separately; and it has done so for the past 1000 years, and will continue to do so for very many years to come, in spite of the introduction of Western civilisation and ideas. The Brahmins are of the highest caste, and are the priests of the Hindu religion. In one portion of the town is "the Agraharam"—the abode of Brahmins; and no members of any lower caste will dare to reside in this quarter. Fifty years ago, no low caste man was permitted even to

pass through a Brahman street; but under British rule this restriction has gradually been changed, and low caste men may pass through a Brahman street, but are still not permitted to enter the home of a Brahman. Away from the town, in the rural parts of the district, a man or woman of the lowest castes will leave the road on which a Brahman is passing and wait submissively by the roadside till the priest has gone by, when he or she may return to the public path. It is the policy of the British Government not to interfere with the religion and caste prejudices of the Hindu, but gradually and surely Western education is breaking through the trammels of subjection which the Brahman has imposed on those Hindus who do not belong to his own priestly order.

The few Europeans who live in Salem are mostly Government officials, who do their work of supervision amidst the disadvantages of climate and the prejudices of ignorance. They live in large, airy bungalows, built in compounds away from the abodes of the natives, being compelled to do so on account of the disregard of the Hindu and Mohammedan for the ordinary requisites of health and sanitation. In the native quarter of the town, pigs, donkeys, dogs, and cattle stray unchecked through the streets and lanes, feeding on the relics of decaying vegetation which are thrown from the houses, and which would not be removed, except at the bidding of the European officials. Cholera, small-pox and other epidemics would decimate the population in far larger numbers were it not for the salutary introduction of Western methods of sanitation, which are adopted by the native only under pressure. There is a college under European management, at which English literature, mathematics, geography and history are taught. There is a gymnasium attached, and Hindu and Mohammedan lads are gradually learning cricket and football, in which healthy games many of them have become proficient. Slowly, but surely, our Indian subjects are beginning to understand that under British rule they enjoy far more privileges than would have been



A BULLOCK CART, SALEM

"The Place I Live In"

their lot under the effete Governments which existed before the advent of the British Raj.

"LEAL."

Toronto, Canada

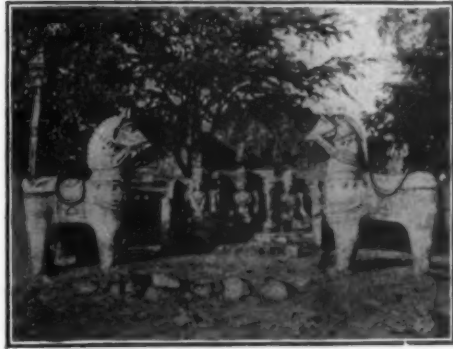
A POET who not long since brought a shower of censure upon his head, once wrote of a beautiful, sunny, blue-skied country as "Our Lady of the Snows." Perhaps no accusation ever carried with it more bitter wound to the broad-minded Canadian people. On a day such as this, the second of February in the year of our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Two, as I sit by my window and look out into the beautiful sunny street of the good city of Toronto, I find myself involuntarily murmuring, "Of what use is it to try to tell these English people about our country? A poet of their own blood has sung to them in a song completely out of tune." So here is a fair challenge: Come over and see for yourself! Will you be so good as to immediately take shipping from one of your ports and sail over to our "Land of Sunshine." After you have arrived at old Quebec and wandered through the corridors of the Château Frontenac, proceed to your train, and, as it carries you on through the golden sunlight, I think you will agree with me that it is unwise for dreamy poets to allow their imagination to carry them away from the paths of truth and rectitude, to write whereof they do not know.

Whether you come to us in the glorious summer, in the golden autumn, or in the brilliant winter, we shall have but one sight to show you, whether it be in the thriving city or in the quiet country—a sun for ever shining in the bluest of blue skies.

To-day the snow lies in a pure white blanket over the earth, the sleigh bells are jingling everywhere through the white city, and if you will come to my window with me, you will see the sun smiling over all—turning the snow into a glittering rainbow and sending diamond drops from the tips of sparkling icicles.

Ontario's summers are almost impossible of description. The hours of darkness are so short as to scarcely give time for rest. Three o'clock in the morning finds the birds chirruping and the daylight creeping on, and in the evening, in the northern part of the province, I have often walked out into a garden when the evening primroses were unfolding and read a book by daylight while the village bell chimed ten o'clock, and while a whip-poor-will sang a good-night carol to a drowsy robin, for with us, be it known, the whip-poor-will sings all night long, scarcely knowing when the twilight glides into moonlight and the moonlight into dawn.

In the American Republic to the south of us, beauty in nature goes hand-in-hand with disaster, disaster such as no Canadian has ever seen on this side of the dividing line. Have you ever, in the history of Canada, heard of a sunny day being followed by a fatal treacherous cyclone? Have you ever heard of the blue



HORSES OF THE GOD AVANAR AND IDOLS,
SALEM, INDIA

waters of the St. Lawrence river, or the Ottawa, or the Saskatchewan rushing over their banks and carrying devastation and death in their wake? Furthermore, have you ever been informed that in certain of our provinces raging fevers prevail from time to time? We have none of these afflictions, one of which exists at times in almost every State in the American Republic.

But to return to the white city, Toronto, which in the summer is the green city. It lies on the shores of a beautiful bay. Across the sparkling waters of the bay is a fairy-like island. In the summer its shores are strung with hundreds of many-coloured lights, and across the waters ply myriads of small vessels carrying eager pleasure-seekers. The trip across costs but a trifle, which includes entrance to parks, band concerts and a very fair Vaudeville exhibition. By this means the happy Toronto swain can give an evening's pleasure to his sweetheart, and return home to town having spent but twenty-five cents (a shilling). This pleasure resort is patronised chiefly by the working people.

In the winter afternoons merry skaters crowd the bay, and ice-boats, like flying birds, carry one over the surface of the glassy ice for a trifle.

"ANA FELIX."

Randwick, near Sydney, Australia

MY home is in Randwick, one of the eastern suburbs of Sydney, bordering on the blue Pacific. From my verandah I can see to the eastward Coogee Bay, and a large expanse of ocean beyond, and can frequently discern steamers or sailing ships making their way in or out of that harbour beautiful, whose magnificent entrance, guarded by huge and frowning cliffs, lies only a few miles to the north. To the south the long, low and marshy-looking inlet of Botany Bay is visible. Altogether it is a charming scene, set in charming surroundings; and it is all the more appreciated because of a previous residence of nearly ten years at Broken Hill, on the fringe of the Central Australian desert, "where the

"The Place I Live In"

heat waves dance for ever," and the dust pervades everything.

The constant presence of the Pacific is the chief charm of Randwick. One learns to know it in all its moods; and they are not always of that peaceful character which led to the bestowal of its name by the early navigators. Sometimes a terrific gale from the south-east sweeps the coast, causing disaster to ships at sea and damage to houses on land, and the spray dashes over the tops of the highest cliffs. But even

when the sea on the coast is comparatively calm the effects of tempests further out are often manifest in the league-long rollers which break with thunderous roar upon the beaches at Coogee and Maroubra. But, whether in pacific or wrathful mood, the ocean is a "thing of beauty" and "a joy for ever."

"Time writes no wrinkles on its azure brow;
Such as Creation's dawn beheld it rolleth now."

"MAROUBRA."



Photo by Rev. J. Howard

GHYLL BECK FALLS, NEAR BARDEN TOWER

Over-Sea Notes

From Our Own Correspondents

A Wonder in the Art of Printing

PUBLISHERS, ever since the art of printing was invented, have always taken pride in the clearness and elegance with which they could reproduce minute type. M. George Salomon of Paris has, we believe, claimed that he owns the smallest book in the world. It is a Dante, 10 millimetres by 6, that is about one-third of an inch by one-fourth, and was printed in Holland, which was celebrated for such work, in 1674. However, "book" is somewhat of a misnomer, as the print is proportionately large, so that there are very few words on each page. The Salmin brothers of Padua now claim, with every sign of right on their side, that they have produced the most wonderful specimen of the printer's art, and the smallest, in existence. It is one-third smaller than the Dante, that is one-fourth of an inch by one-eighth approximately, has 208 pages, each page 9 lines, and from 95 to 100 letters. It is an unpublished letter of Galileo to Mme. Cristine of Lorraine, written in 1615, each word being clear and distinct, so that there is not a blur. It is, in fact, a miniature readable book. This is not the first success of the brothers Salmin. Fifty years ago the historian Cesare Cantù, in collaboration with the Milan publisher, Gnocchi, decided to try what he could do in bringing out a book in the minutest known type. They went to work on the *Divina Commedia* of Dante, but were unsuccessful. However, so determined was Gnocchi, that he did not acknowledge himself beaten for twenty years, when he turned the work over to Salmin, with the injunction to persevere for the honour of the craft and of their country. Salmin succeeded, and made a book 38 millimetres by 22 (an inch and a half by almost an inch), with 31 lines in each page. It is smaller than the wonderful *Officium* of the well-known Giunti, produced in 1519 in Venice, or the *De Tranquillitate Animi* of Seneca, printed in 1601 in Leyden. The former is 49 millimetres by 33, and the latter 42 by 32. The latest wonder of the Salmin house is perfectly astonishing, the print so small that it needs a strong magnifying glass to distinguish it at all, but each letter clear and distinct, one might almost say not one blot; more perfect it would be impossible to conceive.—S. C.

A Plethora of Monuments

As one looks over the lists of monuments lately erected, now being erected, and to be erected, he wonders if the world has suddenly gone mad. To such an extent is this fixed idea being carried that one country gives to another, and it is said that Rome, for instance, is to be the possessor of three such mementos. However, of those projected, that which will be most heartily approved by scholars all the world over, is one to Virgil, who, strange as it may appear, has, until now, remained uncommemorated in his own country, although Mantua, his native town, is inordinately proud of having given him birth. Many Mantuans pose as Latin scholars, interlarding their conversation with Latin words to show that they are worthy descendants of such a man. Eight thousand pounds have been collected for the monument to be erected in Mantua, and the work will be before long begun.

For some time the project was not actively carried forward, as no reproduction of the features of the author of the *Aeneid* were extant, but some years ago there came to light, in some important excavations, at Susa in Tunis, a now famous fragment of mosaic, which undoubtedly represents Virgil. Whether it was a good likeness I have no way of judging, but certainly it is a genuine portrait, which no other ever was, so that the Mantuans will be able to see their beloved poet as he really was. In ancient days the lovers of Virgil were not so lazy as those who came after. At once, after his death, Emperor Alexander Severus declared him on a level with Plato, and the artists of the day delighted in reproducing his face, his figure or his favourite poses. Mantua herself erected a statue to him which unfortunately was destroyed in what may be called a hot discussion between the Visconti and Gonsaga families, while he was put on the Mantua coins with the words, "*Virgilius Maro*." A century later, about 1499, Isabella D'Este, scandalised that no memento of her favourite poet existed there, had a design made for a fine monument, but something prevented the execution into marble, and all that is left are the drawings, which can be seen at the Louvre in Paris.—S. C.

Over-Sea Notes

The Advertising Nuisance

THE ingenuity of the American advertiser is apparently limitless. His work is found in every part of the United States and penetrates every side of life. In the street-cars he erects cardboard figures which are caused to dance or gesticulate by the motion of the cars; at public gatherings out-of-doors he spreads advertisements in the sky by means of mechanical kites; at night he throws pictures upon the clouds by his powerful search-light or makes a variety of effects by electric signs, and, in short, attracts your attention in a hundred different ways as you go about your business or recreation. Many forms of advertising which the advertiser thus thrusts before the public are perfectly legitimate and respect the rights of higher interests. Others, however, bidding for attention at any cost, have become real nuisances, respecting neither man nor nature. One of the greatest nuisances of this kind is the practice of lining the railways with advertising-fences, which seriously disfigure the scenery. On the line between Philadelphia and Atlantic City, for example, everything is advertised in this way, from liver pills to real estate. It is true that the scenery along this particular road is not especially attractive, but no such consideration, we may be sure, influenced the advertisers, for we find the same condition along the railway between New York and Philadelphia and many others. Another practice which equally mars the scenery is that of painting barns and even houses with huge advertisements. It is true that the individual farmers are largely responsible for this disfigurement, since the advertising firms no doubt agree to paint the properties *gratis* on the condition that they be allowed to cover them with advertising matter. In New England this practice is apparently not so common as in the middle States. The New England farmers are either of æsthetic taste or prosperous enough to paint their buildings themselves, but the custom in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and neighbouring States is quite general, and the scenery along the railways traversing these districts consequently disfigured. Still another nuisance of the advertiser is his propensity to decorate—or rather desecrate—rocks, trees and fences with his advertisements. This habit is unfortunately not confined to the cities. Along the most sequestered country road one is quite apt to find a whitewashed rock or disfiguring sign upon a tree, advertising Somebody's Clothing

Store, or So and So's Dog Soap. In all this we find the same commercial spirit as that which seeks to destroy Niagara Falls for its motive power, or to wreck the palisades of the Hudson to obtain their building-stone; and just as a strong opposition has arisen against these larger desecrations of nature, it is hoped that the minor assaults of the advertiser will also be checked.—A. B. R.

A Scientific Investigation of English Verse

SCHOLARS have differed for some time on the subject of accent and quantity in English verse and prose. It has been generally conceded that accent is by far the most important element in the rhythm of English verse, but some have gone so far as to claim that it is the only element, altogether denying that quantity plays a rôle at all. The rhythm of classical verse and prose, it is well known, depended chiefly on quantity, and we know that a Roman orator, guilty of a single false quantity, would be immediately hissed off the forum by his audience. Such keenness of ear for long and short syllables is, of course, unknown to English audiences, and many question the propriety of writing English poetry in classical measures on this account. It is pointed out that the march time of the classical dactylic metre, for example, is reduced by the English system to a waltz movement consisting of feet of three equally long syllables, with an accent on the first. The effect, therefore, of a poem like Longfellow's *Evangeline* is entirely different from the original effect of a dactylic passage of Virgil. It seems, however, that quantity does form one element, if indeed a minor one, of English rhythm. Professor Scripture of Yale University recently instituted a scientific investigation of the character of English verse by means of the phonograph. He asked representative men from various parts of the country to recite into the receiver of his instrument some well-known lines of English verse, and in this way records were produced which could be accurately measured for accent and quantity. Professor Scripture announces that his investigations have thus far proved that quantity is a factor in English verse. He is repeating and extending his experiments, however, in order that he may be quite certain of his conclusions. He will doubtless also investigate the case for prose as well as for verse. The value of Professor Scripture's work must necessarily be more scientific than practical. His investigation will make academic disputes on

the question of fact as to the presence or absence of quantity in English verse and prose impossible, but it cannot authoritatively sanction or condemn the use of classical measures in English poetry, for that is, after all, a matter of individual taste.—A. B. R.

An American Shakespeare Scholar

THE recent publication of *Twelfth Night; or, What You Will*, completes thirteen volumes of the New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare, by Dr. Horace Horvath Furness, the American Shakespeare scholar. The son of an Unitarian clergyman, Dr. Furness was born in Philadelphia, graduated at Harvard University in 1854 and studied law. He was early interested in Shakespeare, and attended the readings of the famous author-actress, Mrs. Kemble. These readings, together with the influence of a local Shakespeare Society of which he was a member, led Dr. Furness to pursue the studies in Shakespeare which formed the basis of the New Variorum Edition. The first volume of this edition appeared in 1871, fifty years after the variorum of Malone and Boswell. The plays which Dr. Furness has published to date are *Romeo and Juliet*, *Macbeth*, *Hamlet* (two volumes), *King Lear*, *Othello*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It*, *The Tempest*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Winter's Tale*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, and *Twelfth Night*. The purpose of the Variorum Edition is to give the text of the first folio (1623), together with a summary of all emendations, comments and criticisms of English or foreign origin. The wise and unwise alike have their hearing in Dr. Furness' court of opinion, but Dr. Furness himself seldom mingles in the discussions he presents to his readers. He prefers, like an impartial judge, to put both sides before them, allowing them to make their own independent judgments. The idea of compiling the various readings, emendations and criticisms of Shakespeare is not original with Dr. Furness. His work is, in fact, the fourth variorum edition. The Johnson and Steevens edition, edited by Isaac Reed in 1803, is customarily called the first variorum; the revision of Reed's work, which appeared in 1813, is the second; while the third is the Malone and Boswell edition of 1821. Dr. Furness combines in a marked degree all the qualities necessary to an editor of a variorum, and while we may never hope to see the new edition completed, Dr. Furness' work is already a notable monument of sane American Shakespeare scholarship.—A. B. R.

An Experimental School for Farmers

FARMING in the United States is a very different occupation from farming in England. In the United States the land is generally owned by the farmer. Tenant farmers are the exception, and although farms are frequently burdened with heavy mortgages, yet the farmer is the absolute master of his own domain, and is under no restrictions as to the up-keep of buildings or fences, or the cutting of his timber. The American farmer is also usually the hardest worker on his farm. Labour is dear and difficult to obtain, and not to be relied upon, and the American farmer is accustomed to do a great deal more with his own hands than the equally prosperous English farmer expects to do. These conditions work two ways as regards the farming and the appearance of the farms. The land being his own, the American farmer is often encouraged to do his best to improve it and to bring it into the fullest degree of cultivation; but on the other hand the absence of restrictions or oversight, and the fact that very many American farmers are foreigners and are extremely ignorant, tend to slovenliness and inefficient methods, and to the stripping of the land of all its trees, big and little.

There are numerous agricultural colleges throughout the United States; but these afford little assistance to the type of farmer just described, and about two years ago some public-spirited men and women of New York organised themselves to establish an experimental farm school which should offer a course in practical, as well as theoretical, farming to farmers and their sons. The venture was started on a small farm of sixty-five acres, given by a member of the organising committee, and within a year after admitting all that the establishment could accommodate, six hundred applications for admission were refused. In the spring of 1902 the board of trustees purchased 400 acres of land near the Hudson River for a permanent establishment. An effort is being made to raise a million dollars to pay for the land and buildings, and to form an endowment. On the new farm the students will handle farming machinery and tools, prepare the soil, sow the seed, plant orchards, make gardens and greenhouses, control insects, and treat diseases of plants and animals. A special feature is to be made of landscape gardening, the object being to arouse in the farmers a pride in the fine appearance of their farms, as well as to enable them to make farming profitable.—A. G. P.

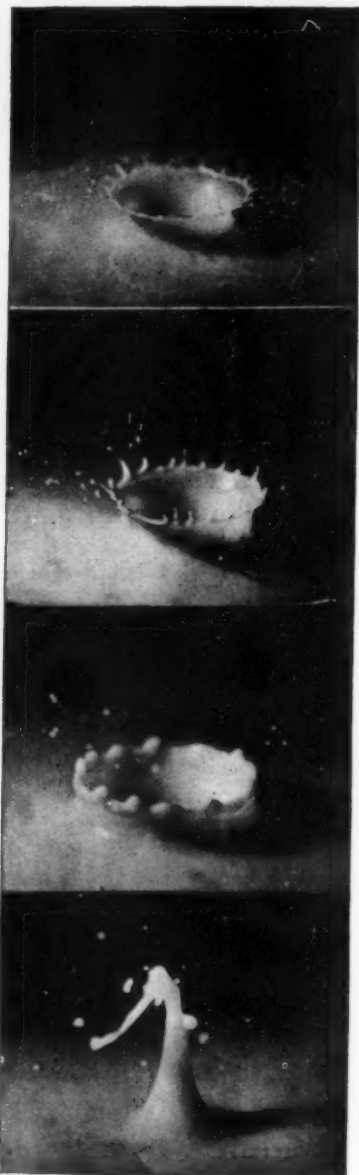
Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

Drops and Splashes

THE characteristics of splashes produced by dropping a small ball or a drop of water into a liquid have been closely studied by Professor

A. M. Worthington by means of instantaneous photography. Some of the photographs he has obtained are here reproduced, and they show that the very common phenomenon of a splash is worthy of analysis. The liquid in which the



splash was made was a mixture of water and milk, this being found the most suitable for the purpose. It will be noticed that a crater or crown of the liquid is first formed, and that this then unites to form a column such as is shown in the two bottom pictures. The stages here represented are only a few among many which have been photographed. The photographs were obtained in a dark room by the light of electric sparks, which gave an exposure of less than three-millionths of a second in duration. The electric spark could be timed to strike at any desired instant, so that any stage of a splash could be photographed, at intervals of about two-thousandths of a second. In this way the progress of a great variety of splashes has been followed in minute detail. It must be remembered that ordinary cinematograph photography is of a much slower rate of movement than this. Ten photographs a second are quite sufficient to take with a cinematograph, and if the pictures thus produced are projected upon a screen at the same rate the eye sees an unbroken series, or one moving picture. Professor Worthington's photographs of splashes, like those which Professor Boys has taken of flying bullets, are therefore far superior as examples of instantaneous photography than any pictures produced by ordinary photographic means. It is only by taking advantage of the extremely short duration of the electric spark that such pictures as those now shown are rendered possible.

Oil as Fuel

THE use of oil or other liquid fuel as a substitute for coal is much more extensive than is usually supposed. In Russia no other fuel than oil is used on the sixteen hundred miles of the Trans-Caspian Railway. On the Southern Pacific Railway three hundred engines have been adapted to burn oil, and in our own country the Great Eastern Railway has now more than sixty engines burning it, either alone or in conjunction with coal. For marine purposes liquid fuel has many advantages, and its use on the Hamburg-American Line steamers, and on the English vessels of the Shell Transport Company, has been attended with much success. Not only has liquid fuel on steamers shown a saving of fifty-six per cent. on the cost of coal firing, but it also effects economy in the number of firemen required, in space required

for storage, in weight, and in the absence of ash or clinker. Moreover, it is far easier to pump oil into a ship, even at sea, than to put in coal, so it is scarcely surprising that with all these advantages liquid fuel is making headway wherever the coal supply is difficult to obtain. As improved methods are invented for burning liquid fuel, the competition between coal and oil must become keener than it is at present.

Storage of Heat by Land and Water

IF days and nights were of equal length throughout the year, there would evidently be no seasons. Every place would receive the heat of the sun for twelve hours and would lose it for the same length of time, so that there would be no annual rise and fall of temperature. The annual changes with which all people outside the tropics are familiar are due to the storing of heat by land, water and air when the sun is above the horizon for more than twelve hours. From spring to summer the gain of heat at day exceeds the loss at night, so an accumulation of heat occurs. It is on account of this storage of heat that the hottest time of the year is not June when the days are longest and the sun is highest, but two months or so later. Observations collected by Dr. J. Schubert from many sources show that the soil in Northern Europe reaches its highest temperature for the year in September, and its lowest in March. Air and water are warmest in August and coldest in February. The records so far obtained show that the Baltic takes up during summer from twenty to thirty times as much heat as the firm land, and the North Sea from thirty to forty times. The sea stores up this excess of heat; its surface does not get hot, so that little heat is imparted to the air by it, but the heat is replenished from the depth during the cold season. On land, however, the heat of the sun does not penetrate in this way. The soil becomes hot on warm days and in warm seasons and gives off much heat to the air, but it stores up little heat and cools rapidly. The difference of temperature between the sea and the air above it is not so great as is usually supposed. In October or November the water may be two degrees warmer than the air above it, but taking the year as a whole the temperature of the sea-surface only exceeds that of the air over it by about half a degree.



Varieties

Lifting a Bridge

A REMARKABLE engineering feat was recently accomplished on the Pennsylvania railroad at New Brunswick, N.J., when a big six-span trestle bridge was moved fourteen and one-half feet in less than three minutes. Thirty-six minutes after the last train had passed over the bridge in its old position a freight train of sixty-seven cars passed over the trestle in its new position.



Photo by Rev. J. P. Hobson

WAITING FOR THE BULLETIN AT BUCKINGHAM
PALACE DURING THE KING'S ILLNESS,
JUNE 1902

How Peel learned to remember a Speech

It is related of Sir Robert Peel that when he was a boy his father took him every Sunday into his private room and made him repeat, as well as he could, the sermon which had been preached in the morning. Little was expected at first, but gradually he became able to repeat the sermon almost verbatim. When, in later life, he remembered accurately the speech of an

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opponent, and answered arguments in correct succession, it was little known that his power of so doing was originally acquired in Drayton church.

Astronomical Notes for October

On the 1st day of this month the Sun rises, in the latitude of Greenwich, at 6h. 2m. in the morning, and sets at 5h. 37m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 6h. 18m. and sets at 5h. 15m.; and on the 21st he rises at 6h. 36m. and sets at 4h. 53m. The Moon becomes New at 5h. 9m. (Greenwich time) on the afternoon of the 1st; enters her First Quarter at 5h. 21m. on that of the 9th; becomes Full at 6h. 1m. on the morning of the 17th; enters her Last Quarter at 10h. 58m. on the night of the 23rd; and becomes New again at 8h. 14m. on the morning of the 31st. She will be in apogee, or farthest from the Earth, about half-past 6 o'clock on the morning of the 8th, and in perigee, or nearest us, about 2 o'clock on that of the 20th. A total eclipse of the Moon will take place on the 17th, which will be partly visible in Western Europe, but more completely in the eastern part of America and over the Atlantic Ocean; totality lasts from 5h. 19m. to 6h. 48m. (Greenwich time) in the morning, and the Moon sets at Greenwich at 6h. 32m. whilst still under total eclipse, so that only the first part of the phenomenon will be visible before sunrise. A partial eclipse of the Sun will take place on the morning of the 31st, which will be partly visible in this country, ending at 7h. 1m. (Greenwich time), but will be best seen in Central and Northern Asia. The same two stars in the Hyades (both taken to include part of Delta Tauri) which were occulted by the Moon last month will be occulted again this, but in the morning, that of the 20th inst., when the Moon will pass over the first from 5h. 8m. to 6h. 13m., and over the second from 5h. 43m. to 6h. 43m. The planet Mercury will be visible in the evening at the beginning of the month in the eastern part of the constellation Virgo, but will be at inferior conjunction with the Sun on the 19th. Venus is visible during the morning in the eastern part of Leo, in the early part of the month, but later will rise too short a time before the Sun to be seen. Mars rises soon after midnight throughout the month, situated in the constellation Leo, and passing a short distance to the north of the bright star Regulus on the 21st. Jupiter is nearly stationary in the constellation Capricornus, and will be near the Moon on the 11th; he sets a little before midnight at the beginning of the month, and about 10 o'clock in the evening at the end of it. Saturn at the middle of the month sets about midnight; he is in the eastern part of Sagittarius, and becomes visible, but low in the south-western part of the sky, as soon as it is sufficiently dark after sunset.

W. T. LYNN.

The Fireside Club

On the Book Table.

(Books received:—Rev. J. E. VAUX' *Church Folk Lore*, Skeffington and Son, 2nd Edition, 6s. E. T. CAMPAGNAC'S *The Cambridge Platonists*, Clarendon Press, 6s. 6d. MARGARETTA BYRDE'S *The Searchers*, Fisher Unwin, 6s. GEORGE MEREDITH'S *Ordeal of Richard Feval*, A. Constable and Co., 2s. 6d. J. P. MOWBRAY'S *The Making of a Country Home*, A. Constable and Co., 6s. W. W. JACOBS' *At Suzwick Port*, 6s.; S. N. SEDGEWICK'S *Petronilla*, 3s. 6d.; BECKLES WILSON'S *Lost England*, 1s.,—all from Geo. Newnes, Ltd.)

Church Folk Lore. No country parsonage should be without such a companionable book to await its tired owner at the day's end, with his slippers and his easy-chair. Although not addressed to antiquaries, the collection of notes brought together here is enriched in every case by so careful a citation of authorities that the book is a distinctly valuable contribution to Folk Lore records.

Here we learn the nature of such customs as gooding, puddening, bidding, the meaning of arval bread, soul cakes, and the Lion Sermon, what is signified by clipping the Church, and what days are locally known as Paul's pitcher Day, Nicknan night, Figgie Wake, Gaugen Days, Ball Day, Cracknut Sunday, and Childermas Day, with many other observances whose religious origin is still traceable, though obscured by changes of times and manners. Some, such as the strange office of the Sin-Eater, a species of human scape-goat, and one of the most remarkable conceptions of Post-Reformation days, have long been only a tradition, but numberless others survive, and are maintained to-day in the heart of the busy city of London as well as in the conservative solitudes of the country. From the pages on Christmas carols we cannot resist quoting Mr. Vaux' description of a most interesting broad-sheet published in 1701, representing the stable at Bethlehem. Christ lies in the crib, watched by His mother—shepherds kneeling, angels attending, a sheep bleating, an ox lowing, a crow cawing on the hay-rack, a cock crowing, and angels singing in the sky above. The creatures have labels in their mouths bearing Latin inscriptions, and down the sides of the wood-cut is the following:—"A religious man, inventing the conceits of both birds and beasts drawn in the picture of our Saviour's birth, doth thus express them: The cock croweth, *Christus natus est*, Christ is born. The raven asketh, *Quando?* When? The crow replieth, *Hac nocte*, This night. The ox crieth out, *Ubi? Ubi?* Where? Where? The sheep bleateth out, *Bethlehem*, Bethlehem. A voice from heaven soundeth, *Gloria in Excelsis*—Glory be on high."

In *The Cambridge Platonists* we have a feeding book for meditative minds compiled from the writings of three seventeenth-century scholars, Benjamin Whichcote, once Provost of King's College, Cambridge, and two of his pupils. Whichcote's well-known and beautiful aphorism, "Heaven

is first a Temper, then a Place," is only one of many gathered here. John Smith discourses on "the Existence and Nature of God, and how the consideration of those Restless Motions of our Wills after some Supreme and Infinite Good leads us into the Knowledge of a Deity." Culverwell is represented by a sermon on the Light of Nature, from the text, "The understanding of a Man is the Candle of the Lord," as to which he pertinently enquires, "Because Socinius has burnt his Wings at this Candle of the Lord, must none therefore make use of it?"

The Searchers has a happily chosen title which at once explains and sums up a well-written book. The search is the immemorial one for happiness, that pot of gold at the rainbow's end. Some, seeking it in self-satisfaction, despair from the outset—"Mrs. Errington was one who used flowers and music, poetry, travel—everything—me, I felt, among them—just to drown yesterday in." Others seek it in knowledge—"If I only knew," said Spring, "why I am here, where I am to go, what I am to do to get there?" To this question Hope Godwin, the most carefully drawn character in the book, answers, "You are here—a Thought of God . . . you are meant to go back to Him, enriched by your sojourn in this beautiful world."

The Ordeal of Richard Feval. Surely no pocket series has appeared, even in this age of pocketable reprints, to equal in beauty of type, lightness of paper, and lowness of price, the half-crown edition of George Meredith's works which Messrs. A. Constable and Co. are now issuing—and all Meredithians must welcome the possibility of possessing so much in so little a space.

In recording *The Making of a Country Home* Mr. Mowbray purposes "to encourage and stimulate other ordinary men who have the capacity to long for a home," to follow his example. He writes in the first instance for Americans, rolling stones who change from furnished flats to boarding-houses, and back again, and whom old age finds still homeless. The experiences detailed in his book have much air of verisimilitude, and readers will concede the author's claim to have added to his facts "no more romance than usually falls to the lot of any ordinary man"—except in regard to Tilka, the incomparable Swedish maid-of-all-work. It is far too good to be true that any one stumbling upon, and the same day incontinently buying, an empty and remote country house an hour by rail from a city, may reasonably expect an experienced general servant, "with a stalwart form and good-natured face," to appear in its doorway next morning, eager to be hired. No wonder that when she offered to cut the grass as a work of supererogation, John "looked at her with admiring awe." Such flights of fancy appeal tantalisingly to all who "have the capacity to long for" such a Tilka. The book is worth reading aloud.

Mr. Jacobs has taught us to anticipate his books with pleasure, as sure to contain true humour. To those who found in *Many Cargoes* cause of

The Fireside Club

abundant laughter his later books seem less richly freighted. Nevertheless, *At Sunnyside Port* is refreshing holiday reading. Mr. Wilks, with the loud voice he kept for cheering-up purposes, has come to stay; while in the development of young Hardy, who grows from an imp of mischief into a first-rate fellow, we have indications of what Mr. Jacobs may yet do, if he will but venture away from his charmed circle of comic sea-captains.

In *Petronilla* we have a volume of stories founded on early legends of the Christian Church in days of strenuous zeal, when, as the author declares, to be a "nominal" Christian was an impossibility. The golden-haired Petronilla (so described in an inscription in one of the Roman catacombs), who was supposed to be a daughter of the Apostle Peter, lives and dies tragically in the first chapter of the book. Type and illustrations are both good, and the book is well got up.

The title of *Lost England* is somewhat misleadingly sentimental, its significance being neither political nor social, but wholly a matter of fact. Mr. Wilson has set himself to record how much of her shores England has lost to the encroaching sea since statistics began. Every year he says, we lose a tract of land the size of Gibraltar, in the last hundred years as much as the county of London. Maps in hand Mr. Wilson takes us methodically round the coast, noting where cliffs, roads, fields, churches, farms, often whole villages, have gone. The great Earl Godwin's rich estate forms now the submergical and perilous Goodwin Sands, and

the whole Land of Lyonesse has long lain under sea.

Most picturesque is the account from an old chronicle of the storm about the year 1250, in which the town of Winchelsea was overwhelmed. "On the first day of October the moon upon her change appearing exceeding red and swelled, began to show tokens of the great tempest of wind that followed. . . . The sea, forced contrary to his natural course, flowed twice without ebbing, yielding such a roaring that the same was heard not without great wonder a far distance from the shore . . . the waves appeared to strive and fight together after a marvellous sort . . . there were three hundred houses and some churches drowned."

A capital book for reading aloud, and worth double its price.

SEARCH COMPETITIONS

Identifications from Dickens

(SEE PAGE 886)

As on account of the close of the volume we have been obliged to go to press early, before receiving answers to the last set of questions in this series, results cannot be given until next month, when, with our new volume, we hope to begin a new series of Competitions on the lines of the Dickens questions, nearly four hundred in number, which have given so much occupation to our informal Fireside Club during the past year.

The Leisure Hour Eisteddfod

COMPETITION 19

We offer **TEN BOOK PRIZES** varying in price from 28s. to 2s. 6d., for the best Criticisms of the Contents of *The Leisure Hour* for the year commencing November 1901, and ending with October 1902.

We invite competitors to state—

- (1) Their favourite story or stories (not exceeding three) in *The Leisure Hour* as above.
- (2) Their favourite article or articles (not exceeding three) in *The Leisure Hour* as above.
- (3) Their favourite illustration or illustrations (not exceeding three) in *The Leisure Hour* as above.
- (4) Any defects which they have noticed in the twelve monthly numbers.

Essays to be sent in not later than October 21, 1902.

For further particulars see our July number, p. 800. Open to Colonial readers.

OUR NEW VOLUME

Commences in November.

We call the special attention of our readers to the prospectus which will be found in our advertisement pages.

The remarkable Serial Story of an eventful time in English history, the articles on Railway Men, the Irish Sketches, and the variety of short stories and descriptive articles will make 'The Leisure Hour' for 1902—1903 a most readable magazine.

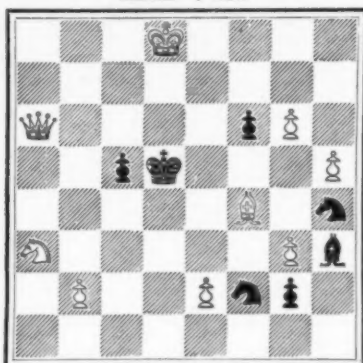
Will our readers kindly help to make it known?

Our Chess Page

THE two following Problems took high places in our last Problem Tourney, and will be of interest to our readers:—

"Ruy Lopez," by MAX. FEIGL

BLACK—7 MEN

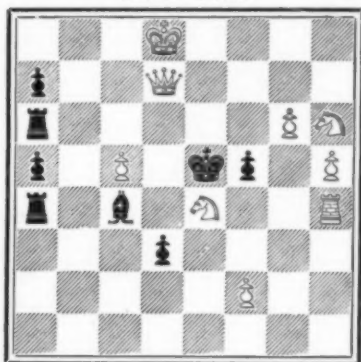


WHITE—9 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

"Fair Wind," by GEORGE J. SLATER.

BLACK—8 MEN



WHITE—9 MEN

White to mate in two moves.

PROBLEM TOURNEY

Names of the composers of Prize and "Mentioned" Problems:—

- Jim Crow* (3 problems), R. G. THOMSON, Aberdeen.
Dolce far Niente (2 problems), PERCY OSBORN, London, W.
Serendib, R. COLLINSON, London, S.W.
Honours and Eureka, ARTHUR CHARLICK, S. Australia.

Strike On! A. F. MACKENZIE, Jamaica.
Capitola and Fair Wind, GEORGE J. SLATER, Liverpool.
Cronje, C. H. HEMMING.
Cigarette and Tante Eliza, H. D'O. BERNARD, London, S.W.
Rob Roy, G. BROWNE, Belfast.
Rough Diamond, C. V. E. BERRY, Hemel Hempstead.
Ping Pong, A. WATSON, Crowthorne, Berks.
Ruy Lopez and Morituri, MAX. FEIGL, Vienna.
Arluxerxes, NIKOLAI MAXIMOW, St. Petersburg.

SOLVING TOURNEY

Solutions cannot be given this month, owing to the time allowed to foreign competitors. They may be looked for next month (November), together with the examiners' award in the European Section.

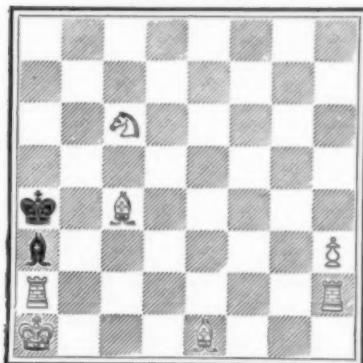
Several correspondents have pointed out that the problem *Nellie Bly*, published in July, is cooked, as in 1. K—R 2 Black must move the Kt on R 2, and White mates with 2. P—Kt 3.

A Novelty

A Prize of **Half-a-Guinea** is offered for the first solution received of the following problem, and **Five Shillings** for the second.

By F. W. ANDREW.

BLACK—2 MEN



WHITE—7 MEN

White to sui-mate in 10 moves.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C., and to be marked **CHESS** on the envelope. Competition entries must be accompanied by the *Eisteddfod Ticket* from the Contents page.

Women's Interests

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

B. S.—Sanitary wall-papers will wash with soap and water. Other papers can be cleaned with the Pink Cleaner. This is sold in tins at oil and colour shops. The tin costs 10d. The contents are mixed into a paste like dough, and the walls are rubbed with this. The condition of the application at the end of the day will be a test of its efficacy.

Baby.—A very good filter is the Spongy Iron Filter, to be had from the company of that name in New Oxford Street. This does not require re-charging more than once in six months, and can remain for twelve months without injurious effect. I believe all the London water comes filtered through the pipes. A proof of this is that the water, if left in bedroom jugs, does not remain sweet nearly as long as unfiltered water would do.

Isobel N.—Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. have just published, price 2s. 6d., a volume which deals exclusively with the cooking of vegetables. It is entitled "Leaves from our Tuscan Kitchen." I do not know if a pun is contemplated here; if so, the contents of the book are better. There are many recipes for vegetable soups, for vegetables to be served as *entrées*, for vegetables to be served with meat, and for sweet dishes to be made of potatoes, tomatoes, etc. In England we know so little of the multitudinous guises under which vegetables may be served that a volume like this should extensively vary the *menu*, and enlarge the capacity of the larder. But we are very insular, it takes us long to consent generally to learn of the foreigner. The compiler, by the bye, has a British name: Janet Ross.

Mater.—As your letter indicates a condition of affairs much more frequent than you seem to imagine, I hope you will pardon me if I reproduce an extract from it in the interests of other correspondents—

"Without boasting, I think I can say I have been a good mother. Ever since my children came into the world I have devoted myself to their interests—moral, physical, and social. Now that they have all arrived at maturity (three sons and a daughter), my friends are good enough to say that they do me infinite credit. I suppose this is true, but to me the sad part is that in growing they have grown away from me. In the case of the sons I suppose it is natural. They have their work and interests that are apart from home, and their pastimes I can hardly be expected to understand or appreciate, so, in their case, I don't complain. It is concerning the daughter that I feel hurt. If she chose young friends I could make allowances, and would do my best to lead them to feel that I was their friend too, but her confidantes and intimates are all women much older than herself, sensible, good women, which is quite satisfactory, but I ask myself why it is they, why not I? Why does she never think that a holiday with me would be delightful, as well as with Mrs. A. or Miss B., and why is it to

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them she goes for sympathy with all her ideas and enterprises? What troubles me is to know why I am left out. When she was a growing girl she told me everything, or I thought she did, now I don't think she would take pains to conceal things from me, but the spontaneous instinctive confidence is gone, and I do not know what I have done to alienate it."

You have not done anything, and what distresses you is a natural feature of development. It is a high tribute to your methods that it is the company of mature women, of thinking women, that your daughter affects. To want to move a little way out of the groove of home is but an evidence of growth, to want to submit our estimates to the consideration of unfamiliar intelligence is not abnormal. It probably has not occurred to you that the best we can do for the young is to fit them to do without us at maturity, to prepare them to carry on to other circles and to a later generation our conclusions. If they are not to find our absence unendurable when, in the course of time, we must leave them, it should be our object to see while we are here how they bear themselves apart from us. Our children are ours, it is true, but we must recognise that in time they cease to be children. It is easier to be good parents while we act as supreme law-givers than to be wise and helpful companions when we are no longer called upon to instruct. Your letter is pathetic, yet I cannot help thinking that there is a little egotism in your position. Contact with various minds is highly educative as well as extremely pleasant, it would be unreasonable to desire to deprive a woman who is fully grown of the advantage of it. Parents sometimes think that because they fulfilled their duty, or what they considered such, this entailed reciprocal obligations on the young.

I fear we are all too prone to make ourselves the centre of things, and to judge people and circumstances chiefly by their attitude towards us. If you have added a good, high-minded, sensible girl to the race, you have done a very great thing, and the time has probably come now for modifying the relationship of superior and inferior, or even of parent and child, to that of two human beings with equal rights towards each other and to the world at large. There comes a period when it is natural to defer to our children, to hear their opinions with respect, to stand apart and let them lay the foundations of their own house of life. In reality we should render them a serious disservice did we desire to keep them always in leading-strings. A certain sadness attends any modification of established usages, yet as change is a law of life, we are wise when we accommodate ourselves to it without too much resistance.

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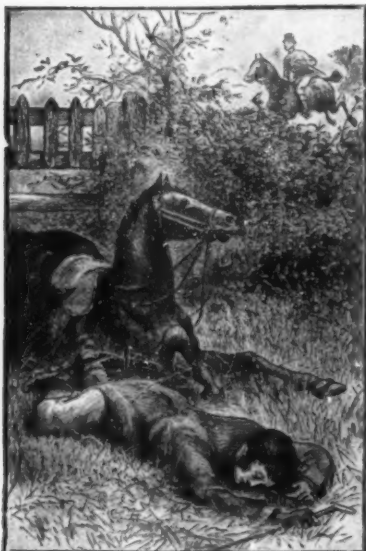
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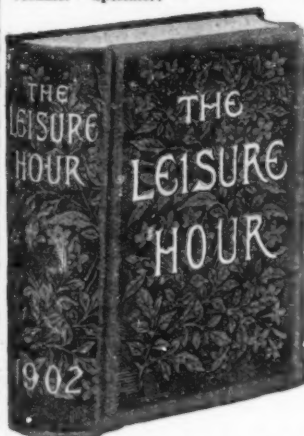
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Much of the discomfort in life is due to the Stomach. This will be admitted without argument. The proof is probably in your own experience. A great many apparently different complaints with which we are frequently afflicted arise from one common origin—a Weak Stomach. Brought about by one cause, it is only natural that they should be cured by one Remedy. Guy's Tonic cures every symptom and ailment arising from Indigestion by removing the cause. It strengthens a Weak Stomach and ensures easy and thorough Digestion of Food. Guy's Tonic prevents Flatulence or Wind, Heartburn, Nausea, Pain after Eating, Headaches, Dizziness, Constipation, Waterbrash, Discomfort—all certain signs of inefficient Digestion. With better Digestion, the Body is better Nourished—Strength is regained, Weakness and Debility are overcome, the Nervous System is Recuperated, the Spirits get Brighter, the whole outlook of life becomes more Cheerful. Guy's Tonic has also a powerful Tonic-Restorative influence upon the Vital Powers of the Body. A few doses are sufficient to prove its wonderfully Invigorating effect. It makes you "feel better" almost immediately. Positive proof in your own case costs 13½d.—surely a trifling price for better Health.

Guy's Tonic creates Appetite, aids Digestion, corrects Flatulence, prevents Pain after Food, braces the Nerves, dissipates Fatigue, increases Vitality, dispels Lethargy, tones the Liver, gives Strength, cures Indigestion, imparts new Energy, and renews Health.

Mr. George Roberts, of Longford, near Gloucester, writes:

"For some time past I have been suffering from Indigestion. So bad had I become that for six weeks I took absolutely nothing but invalid's Food. A lady friend of mine in London knew of my case, and requested you to forward me one of your Books—she had derived great benefit from Guy's Tonic, and felt sure it would do me good. After reading the book I decided to try Guy's Tonic. After taking one bottle I felt considerably better, and after four small bottles I felt a new man, and life, which had been a burden, became a pleasure. I felt it my duty to write and tell you. I shall have great pleasure in bringing Guy's Tonic under the notice of my friends."

Guy's Tonic is of purely Vegetable origin, prepared under the direct supervision of a skilled Pharmacist. Guy's Tonic is widely recommended by Medical Men, and is used with excellent results in Hospital Practice. A Six-Ounce Bottle of Guy's Tonic, price 13½d., is on sale at Chemists and Stores everywhere.

Cadbury's

**Refreshing
Nourishing
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Entirely free from all Admixtures such as Kola, Malt, Hops, &c.

"THE LANCET" (May 27, 1899) says:—"The statement that Cadbury's Cocoa is an absolutely pure article cannot be controverted in view of the results of analysis which, in our hands, this excellent article of food has yielded."

Cocoa

Insist on having CADBURY'S (sold only in Packets and Tins), as other Coconas are sometimes substituted for the sake of extra profit.

The *London Medical Record* says: "Retained when all other foods are rejected. It is invaluable."

AN EMINENT SURGEON writes: "After a lengthened experience of foods both at home and in India, I consider 'Benger's Food' incomparably superior to any I have ever prescribed."

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For INFANTS, INVALIDS, and THE AGED.

The *British Medical Journal* says: "Benger's Food has by its excellence established a reputation of its own."

The *LANCET* says: "Mr. Benger's admirable preparation."

"Deserving of the highest praise."—*The Practitioner*.

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